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# WEEKLY PEOPLE



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VOL. XIII. No. 44.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

## THE MOLDERS' "VICTORY" ERIE, PA.

As a matter of yearly custom, the Iron Molders' Union, No. 38, sent out a call for a special meeting, for the purpose of considering the new demands for the coming year. The writer being a forced member, attended, and had the opportunity to learn how it was done. One of the largest halls was secured for the meeting. It was filled to the doors. At 8 p. m. the meeting was called to order and the president declared the object of the meeting, namely, the making of new demands.

Here is where it was shown that "the interests of Capital and Labor" are not identical, by expression of many ideas. A bitter feeling was shown to exist between the two, some wishing for the nine-hour day, others for a \$3 minimum. Many other suggestions were made which were finally interrupted by a rap at the door, and Murphy, the district agent from Buffalo, N. Y., was admitted. Murphy soon took the floor and made known his delay, giving as the reason, too busy, had no meals, two sandwiches being his dinner and supper, and couldn't get a train in time.

The president then asked his (Murphy's) idea of the situation, to which he quickly replied, "I have it right here," pulling out of his pocket a roll of paper, already prepared, as the demands of Iron Molders' Union, No. 38, saying, that the executive committee had agreed upon them. The main amongst the many demands was a minimum wage of \$2.85, the minimum previously being \$2.65, up as high as \$3.50, as far as I know.

After discussing the contents of the roll, a vote was taken and carried. The roll was then privately overhauled by Murphy, and sent to the various employers concerned, all of whom belong to the Foundrymen's Association.

There are other foundries here where a previous trial proved the leaders unable to accomplish anything, especially at Black and Gerner's, where the men stood like a rock. Had they been organized in a genuine Labor Union, I have no doubt they would have gained their demands. They were finally, after a lengthy disgusting affair, told to try and get their jobs back, because the national executive could support them no longer.

According to what Murphy calls "the New York agreement," the employers must be given sixty days' time, thirty days before the date of expiration of old agreement, and thirty days for consultation with the Foundrymen's Association, that is as far as Murphy allowed it to be understood by the men.

The first thirty days passed, and a special meeting was called. The various shop committees made their report as follows: One firm would have nothing more to do with the union; another, "we signed one agreement and we sign no more;" another, "why should we sign at this time, we have thirty days more;" and so on. Nothing, of course, was done at this meeting, but to elect a committee of three, and leave it all to the committee, which consisted of two "Labor" leaders, so-called, and a member of the local.

One special meeting after another was held during the thirty days of consultation, and no report made to any satisfaction. The members were getting discouraged and wholly disgusted with the way things were carried on. Some members stated on the meeting floor that the Iron Molders' Union is making some through the carrying on of its leaders; while others would shout, "Give the employers sixty days more." "Yes, give them a year, so they can get good and ready to defeat us." But what could the members do, their hands and feet being tied by that "New York agreement," and no promise of support, unless everything was carried on according to the wish of the executive committee.

Mr. Penton, the president of the F. A., was, through the long distance telephone, hunted about all the time, as the leaders claimed, to get things arranged for a meeting. Appointment after appointment was made and no conclusion reached, until finally a meeting was held in Geneva where, at the same time, a dispute was to be settled. Again no result; the leaders claimed, it was not advisable to tell everything they knew. I, for one, certainly agreed with them, for the reason that it would mean the loss of their job as labor leaders. The men would see their traitorous actions, which will appear later on, and kick them out of their organization, charter and all.

The next meeting the local committee reported their visit to the various shops. All had signed the agreement with the exception of one, where the men were called out, and he finally signed also.

Then, as usual, another special meeting was called for the purpose of making known "the great victory." A vote to accept was taken, with several voting to the contrary, these being men who formerly received \$2.85, and up, who

## CONGRESSIONAL SPARRING FOR POSITION IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—THE CURIOUS TANGLE THAT THE DEMOCRATS ARE GETTING THEMSELVES IN WHILE TRYING TO PROVE THE REPUBLICANS UNWORTHY—AN INSTANCE IN THE SENATE—ONE IN THE HOUSE.

The feature of the debates in Congress, during this session, is that anything and everything may and does turn up, and is chewed the rag over, whatever the actual or nominal subject may be before the house. This is a result of the approach of the Presidential contest. Both sides of politicians are sparring for position. The Republican manoeuvre of sparring includes the prevention of near as may be of any but routine bills. They do not wish to give themselves any more targets than they can help, and wise they are seeing the weak position they occupy in the midst of the increasingly hard times. As a consequence, the greatest latitude is allowed in the debates. In the Senate the Democrats are getting the worst of it in this manoeuvre. There the subject is the Panama affair. A better opportunity no bona fide opposition party could have to knock out the party in power. But the Democratic, being the pal of the Republican capitalist brigades can be no bona fide opposition party. Consequently, in this Panama affair the Democratic attitude is to denounce and prove the Panama affair an act of high-handed rascality, and then get ready to endorse it, by ratifying the treaty, a fruit and purpose of the rascality—for which, unquestionably, many a Democratic Senator was "seen" by the swindler Bunau-Varilla.

While these scenes are being enacted in the Senate, their counterparts are enacted in the House—not on Panama only, but on other topics. The subject of the tariff is one of these. The below alteration between the Republican Representative Ebenezer J. Hill of Connecticut and the Democratic Representative Champ Clark of Missouri, will give an idea. The Army Appropriation bill being under discussion, the Republican Hill started in to lambaste the Democrats on the tariff. The interesting passage and passage at arms referred to is this:

Mr. Hill. Now, gentlemen, the whole question of the tariff simmers itself right down to this: Who are the people of this country who are proposing to fix the tariff rates and provide for its industrial policy? They are the men who are interested in it. They are the men who are interested in it. How is business done in this Congress? You know as well as I that it is not done as it is in the legislative halls in the various States of the Union, where every proposition brought in is reported and voted on—reported "yes" or "no" by the committee. It is done here by a great big machine and is done in accordance with the policy of the country, and you gentlemen, every one of you, sitting in your committee rooms know what is the result when bills are brought in that are not in accordance with that policy. They go to the waste basket, and that which the great big machine of the General Government, not what the individual wishes, prescribes shall be done is done.

Now, who are the men who are to do it under that system here? Let me give you the composition of the Ways and Means Committee to-day and what the membership represents, not with any sectional feeling whatever, but with reference to the proposition that the majority in this country ought to govern, and if that is not good Democratic doctrine, then I do not know what is. Now, think of the majority membership as represented by this committee when you talk about changing the policy of this Government. What would be the effect of it? The distinguished and able gentleman from Mississippi would take the head of the table on the Ways and Means Committee and the Democratic machine would dictate the policy of this country.

Now, what do they represent in the industrial system of this country. He represents 1,433 votes cast in the last election. There are more manufactured products in my district than are represented by the whole Democratic membership on the Ways and Means Committee.

Mr. Clark. How many votes are cast in your district?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. More than any other member of the Ways and Means Committee.

Mr. Clark. How many?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. Forty-five thousand or more.

Mr. Clark. Forty-six thousand were cast in my own. (Applause on the Democratic side.)

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. I have the gentleman's vote here. As reported by the Congressional Directory, the gentleman had 33,361 votes cast for him.

Mr. Clark. Who made that book up?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. I do not know; I suppose the gentleman made that part of it himself. (Applause on the Republican side.)

Mr. Clark. What has that got to do with it?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. In the district which I have the honor to represent there are 45,933 votes cast.

Mr. Clark. How many people are in your district?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. About 250,000.

How many in yours?

Mr. Clark. Why did you not redistribute that State?

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. Because we did not choose to. We believe in self-government and that we have the right to do what we please within the law.

Mr. Clark. That is exactly what you do not have, precisely.

Mr. Hill of Connecticut. Now, I want to show where the majority of the industrial portion of this country is found. The district which the gentleman from Mississippi represents has industrial products to the amount of \$5,565,802. The single city which Mr. Boutell has the honor to represent has industrial products to the amount of \$888,000,000.

Think of it; and yet these gentlemen propose that this great country of ours shall turn over the whole magnificent industrial system of this country to the care of people who do not represent it. Will they do it? I think not.

I will have to state further my views at some future time. (Applause on the Republican side.)

The case is parallel with that in the Senate. Would the Democratic Congress dare to show who in Mr. Boutell's district owned those \$888,000,000? Not on his life. That would be to knock himself out in the South.

And so it goes on.

## DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

Like all other historic systems, the capitalist system grew with a definite destination in human progress, i. e., it had a mission to fulfill in Social Evolution. This mission was to improve and concentrate the means of production, transportation and communication, and bring them under the collective operation of the working people. Furthermore, it may perhaps be said that incidentally it has become a distinct and useful mission of the capitalist system to stimulate the wants—and perhaps, also, to create new ones—of the masses, for the good things of this world. It is through its development to the utmost fulfillment of these missions that it becomes necessary to follow modern capitalism.

"Now," it may well be asked, "why is it so very necessary for you Socialists to be always analyzing capitalism? Would it not be much wiser for you to give your time to demonstrating your own system, so that one could obtain a comprehensive understanding of what you really desire to put in place of this, as we now can see, the best possible of all tried systems, the one under which we live?" We say, in answer, that an intelligent understanding of capitalism is absolutely necessary to the student of Socialism for the following reasons: The study of history and social evolution proves beyond a doubt that capitalism is only transitory, and that another and higher social system must eventually take its place; but the germs of the future can unfold themselves only in the present and, therefore, only by comprehending fully the present can we reach any conclusion about the future. A social system is not a scheme that can be demonstrated, it is a growth, a development.

Again, we very often meet this objection: "What you say may sound swell enough. You may talk about the concentration of wealth on the one hand, and the existence of poverty on the other; and demonstrate that, as in ancient history that they will ultimately work destruction to society; therefore, you say that you workers will arise in your might and dispossess the capitalist class. Now remember, 'Might never makes right.' You cannot deny that the capital of to-day belongs to the capitalists. It is beyond all dispute their property. What right have you then to arise and appropriate, or confiscate (or whatever you may call it), the property of these lawful owners?"

To meet this objection an understanding of the complete development of capitalism is made doubly necessary, because it proves beyond all doubt to any informed person that, though the modern capitalists unquestionably, through their self-made laws, have a legal right to the means of production, etc., nevertheless, as a point of fact, and, in the last analysis, they have obtained possession thereof by means of robbery, and hold possession by force and humbug; that from the point of morality, justice, and human progress, they have to-day no right to claim them whatsoever.

Let us then for the definite purpose of answering these objections, turn the history of capitalism backward to its beginning. We said capitalism came into existence as a useful system with a definite purpose to promote progress. It follows, therefore, that the capitalist class originally was a useful class. Upon investigation we shall find, however, that the capitalist of the days of the revolution was an entirely different looking creature from his counterpart of to-day. Properly speaking, the early capitalist was only a capitalist in embryo. But as, when we analyze the character of a man by going back to his boyhood, we always find that his striking characteristics of latter years then somehow manifest themselves, in a small way, of course, so we can trace the prominent features of our modern opulent capitalist in his early day counterpart, the burgher of the revolutionary days. Some of these characteristics it is well to recognize at first; they will aid us to always keep the capitalist in view as he develops, and they become more prominent. First among these are the characteristics, which may be labeled: "The working of the workers," "the extraction of surplus value," "the never-ceasing view to profit." These, no doubt, run together, and form the classic part of his make up as he develops.

The first stage of capitalist production is simple handicraft. The distinguishing feature of this stage is the small shop equipped with hand tools, tools operated by a single individual, a master, a journeyman, or two, and about the same number of apprentices. With the simple tools of that day it took very nearly a man's whole time to produce his livelihood, consequently, there cannot properly be said to exist any class division between master and man. The workmen, as a rule, lived in the master's house, ate at his table, slept in his house, and took part in his enjoyments. Consequently, what was good for the master was good for the man. If the one prospered the other shared in the prosperity. There existed then "an identity of interests between employer and employee," "brotherhood" between the two. There then was "harmony between capital and labor." Those are the days from which date all the old legends that are told in the nursery-tales of so-called political economy to-day.

However, if we examine closely the relation of the embryo capitalist to his man, we shall find that this harmony was more apparent than real, that it had no real economic basis and, much less, any foundation to build future harmony upon. It is true that when the years of apprenticeship and journeymanhood were passed, the tools being simple and cheap, each workman had a chance to become a master himself. Nevertheless the ultimate reason that the master hired men was not by any means to train future masters; but to be aided by them—and this can possibly mean nothing else but that he was able to get a little more value out of the product of their labor than he paid them in wages. He could, therefore, like his fullgrown counterpart of to-day, extract surplus value. We admit willingly that this surplus was very small, we are also ready to admit that "the owner of capital was entitled to his profit," because, besides being an owner of capital, he was a master, a teacher of the trade, so he conferred value for value. Nevertheless, this surplus value, however small it might be, however justly he was entitled to it gave him an advantage over them who received none, but on the other hand less—no matter how insignificant an amount—than the full product of their labor. If, therefore, the master could increase his business so that, instead of four men, he employed eight, he could get twice as much profit as before. Like his counterpart of to-day his aim, therefore, soon became not the production of commodities in itself, but with a view to profit. At this stage, it could not take him long to discover that this profit was never had by working himself to pieces, but only by "working the workers."

Let us now return to our journeyman, who, having a full knowledge of the trade, determines to start a shop of his own. We will suppose him temperate and saving, as many handicraftsmen were, so that he laid by enough to equip a shop with the necessary simple tools and raw material. He will have to work up trade in competition with his old and well established master, so he must start on a smaller scale. He can exploit at most only an apprentice and a journeyman, consequently, he is at a disadvantage. The old master exploits eight men, therefore, he can, if he chooses, underbid the new master in the market, and yet retain, at least the full-product of his own labor. The new master, to get trade may commence to encroach on his own share of labor, his hours of rest, etc., but such methods do not "pay." He finds he was better off when he worked for a master himself. He may struggle it through, he may fail, it matters not to our example. One thing is plain, however. A master, under such precarious conditions, is worse off than a workman. This brings out two more tendencies also inherent in the capitalist system, first the failure of the small producer to compete with the larger one; second, and most important of all, the separation of capitalists and the workers into two distinct classes, or perhaps we might rather say, the creation of a new historic class, the members of which are born from generation to generation to remain wage workers—the wage working class or the industrial proletariat.

However, this stage could never be reached during the era of simple handicraft. Each and every worker finished an article and worked at it from start to finish, and it was all hand work performed with simple tools. The surplus was never large, and the journeyman unquestionably knew the business; therefore, in many, and perhaps, most cases, the workers were competent to become masters themselves. Nevertheless the tendency to the contrary manifested itself. In order for it to work out and complete the separation between the capitalist class and the working class, it was necessary for capitalism to enter upon its second stage, namely, manufacture, and the division of labor within the factory.—Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.

(To be continued next week.)

## SOCIAL DEMOCRACY IN SWEDEN

The review of the Dresden Congress, printed in The People of January 9, shows the existence in Germany of two distinct forces working within the—according to information given by themselves—thoroughly harmonious Social Democracy of the land. These are, on one hand, the, in theory, true revolutionists, and, on the other hand, the, even in theory, no longer consistently revolutionary elements of the party, the advocates of what now is also called "new tendencies in Social Democracy." The review shows that the revolutionary forces, having circumstances against them, are ever making concessions to the forces representing "revision" and "new tendencies." It shows further that it is the remnants of Feudalism in Germany that give to the Social Democrats and bourgeois Liberals certain common ground to stand on in combating the remaining feudalistic institutions. But a proletarian movement working together with bourgeois capitalists for the downfall of feudal masters and oppressors of the people, who are also capitalists, cannot correctly be styled a Socialist movement, and least of all a Revolutionary Socialist movement.

Now, if this must be said of Germany, where there are still leaders who, theoretically at least, uphold the revolutionary principle of Socialism, what, then, shall be said of a country like Sweden, where, to my knowledge, none of the leaders seriously cling to revolutionary principle any longer, but are, one and all, disciples of the party's old member of parliament, Hjalmar Branting, who, about three years ago, made an, as it were, official confession of faith in the "New Tendencies of the Social Democracy," which he defined in a speech at Lund?

The revolutionary Socialism of Marx and Engels did not imply battles between bourgeois and feudal lords into which the workers might be drawn; it considered only the struggles between capital and labor, which must end in the revolution that uproots capitalism and places the working class, the then only surviving of all social classes, in possession of all power.

The leaders abroad do not seem to be fully aware of the meaning of the fact, that what they have to contend with is not capitalism proper, but a combination of capitalism and the still existing remnants of feudalism, or they ignore the fact that such a contention cannot constitute a revolutionary Socialist struggle. But true, when it comes to the advocates of "New Tendencies," these don't, sometimes at least, even pretend to be revolutionists.

In Sweden, too, the Socialist movement started as a pure revolutionary movement, guided by the theoretic works of Marx and other revolutionists, and a few good books and pamphlets on social and economic questions proved that the leaders had studied and understood the theories. But since then the trend of the revolution of the movement has been much the same as in Germany, only with the exception that in Sweden the revolutionary ideas have not had such staunch upholders as in Germany. The ideal pattern for the Swedish leaders is now the kind of "Socialism" advocated in France by Jean Jaures and in Germany by Edward Bernstein, i. e., the "New Tendencies." And those tendencies the leaders are trying to reconcile, say, back up, with the theories of Marx and Engels.

As I think it will be interesting to the readers of The People to get an insight into the ways whereby the Swedish leaders go about their "revisionary" work, I have here translated an article by Branting, written in conjunction with the just completed translation into Swedish of the "Communist Manifesto." That translation is done by Branting himself, as is also the translation made not long ago of Fr. Engels' "Development of Socialism from Utopia to Science." The article appeared in the Swedish party organ, "Social-Demokraten," of which Branting is also the chief editor, of December 4, 1903. I do not think that any comments on the article on my part would help much to elucidate the position of Branting and the movement he represents; if any should be made, I would prefer to have them made by the editor of The People, whom, I feel, would do better justice to the subject than myself. I have tried to make the translation as true as possible, but I always find it somewhat hard to translate Branting's writings on account of his cautious, roundabout way of expressing his views. The quotation marks and the italics are all by Branting himself. Here, then, is the article:

"MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY AND THE PRESENT TIME.

"In a postscript to the just printed brochure, to which, in two previous articles we have drawn the attention of all comrades interested in the theory of Socialism, the following is said:

"On the whole"—write Marx and Engels in their preface of 1872—"the general principle laid down in the Manifesto are as correct to-day as ever. But the application always depends on the historical conditions for the time being existing."

"Thus, the founders of scientific Socialism themselves point to the necessity of an ever continued reconsideration of their doctrine, a 'revision,' to use the parlance of the Germans, which looks to it that Socialism at the threshold of the twentieth century adapts itself to the social conditions then existing, and does not content itself with the repeating of formulas and manners of speaking that were proper a generation ago, but, perhaps, are so no longer, or, any way, do not express the whole truth."

"Such a revision as against the 'Communist Manifesto,' however, would mean nothing less than endeavoring to make clear what the modifications are that the Socialist Labor Movement, and, with it, Socialist thought, have gone through during half a century. For, in its condensed form, the document, which is here introduced in Swedish, comprises all that is essential of the conception that is the starting point of modern Socialism, i. e., of the doctrine of the struggle of the working class against, and its victory over, capitalism."

"The starting point, in two senses of that phrase historically, the first ripened expression of our conception; and philosophically: the 'on the whole' still acceptable comprehension of that which constitutes the difference of our mode of looking at social phenomena and the mode of the bourgeois parties in looking at them. The so-called materialistic conception of history, i. e., the knowledge that there is an economic transformation to be found behind all great movements recorded by history, and the application of this mode of thought on the form of class struggle that is peculiar to our time, the opposing condition between capital and labor, between bourgeois and proletariat—this whole fundamental thought is to-day the common property of the whole Socialist world. That which has been changed are the forms of this opposition."

"While Marx and Engels in 1848 only could state the existence of a proletariat extremely oppressed, without right, without family, without fatherland, to

# The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

## FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

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### PART I.—THE FEUDAL CASTLE.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### AZENOR THE PALE.

A narrow spiral staircase, built of stone, led from the bottom of the basement to the platform that surmounted the donjon of the manor of Plouernel. The men at arms, charged with the lookout on the platform, never failed to cross themselves when passing the door of an alcove, situated on the last story of the donjon, that had for its annex one of the turrets that rose from the four corners of the platform. It was whispered that the narrow window of that turret seemed internally illuminated at night by a glow of the color of blood, and these sinister lights were attributed to the sorceries of Azenor the Pale, the concubine of Neroweg VI. The seigneur of Plouernel had gathered in the chamber of his mistress a mass of precious objects, the fruits of his raids. A passage, concealed by a purple curtain, fringed with gold, gave admission to another turret, whose upper part, roofed on a level with the platform, served as the post for the lookout. Azenor the Pale, about twenty-five years of age, was of a perfect beauty. Her face was pale and her sensuous lips were the color of her skin, whence her surname. A turban of rich purple silk fabric in the shape of a chin-cloth, served as a frame for the visage of the sorceress, while it left exposed the strands of her hair, black like her eyebrows and her large eyes. Her tunic of silver cloth was negligently thrown over her shoulders. Her bosom and arms were worthy of figuring beside that beautiful Greek statue that has survived the centuries, and which, rumor has it, is still admired in the palace of the Dukes of Aquitaine. The tunic of Azenor, reaching only to her knees, left exposed below its silver folds the skirt of her dress, purple like her turban. The woman was at this moment engaged in molding a bit of pliable wax into two little figures similar to the one inserted that very morning between the teeth of Pierrine the Goat at the moment of her death agony. One of the puppets wore a bishop's robe, the other a species of armor represented by a dull-colored bit of cloth resembling iron. Azenor the Pale was inserting a certain number of needles, disposed in cabalistic order, on the left side of the breast of the two puppets, when the door of the alcove opened behind her. Neroweg VI. entered his mistress' retreat, carefully closing the door after him.

The Count of Plouernel, surnamed "Worse than a Wolf," and at that time about fifty years of age, was of athletic frame. His hair no longer was dressed after the fashion of his ancestor, the Neroweg, leude of Clovis, nor after that of Neroweg, the "Terrible Eagle," savage chief of a savage tribe. The red hair of Neroweg VI., already grizzled, was shaven smooth to the middle of the temples and the skull, and then fell square down his neck and behind his ears. The men of war had themselves thus shaven in front to prevent their hair from interfering with their casque and standing in the way of the visor. Instead of cultivating long moustaches, like his ancestors, Neroweg VI. allowed to grow at full length only his thick and coarse beard, which thus framed in his savage countenance and his hooked nose. His heavy eyebrows met over his falcon eyes, round and piercing. Always ready for war upon his neighbors, or upon those troops of travelers that, at times, attempted to offer forcible resistance to the brigandage of the seigneurs, Neroweg VI. wore a casque, which he laid by on entering. His jacket and buff hose disappeared under a hauberk or iron coat of mail, held to his waist by a leathern belt, from which hung two swords, the shorter one at his right, the longer at his left. The hauberk guarded his arms down to the gauntlets, and fell slightly below his knees, which, like his legs, were protected by iron greaves, held together with leathern thongs. The face of Neroweg VI. betrayed a gloomy and troubled mind. Azenor the Pale, still engaged in inserting the needles into the left sides of the wax figures, was murmuring certain words in a strange tongue, and seemed not to notice the arrival of the Count. He drew slowly near, and said in a hollow voice: "Well, now, Azenor, is the philter ready?"

Without answering, the sorceress continued her magic incantations, at the conclusion of which, holding up to Neroweg VI. the two puppets, representing a bishop and a warrior, she said: "Tell me again, which are the enemies whom you dread and hate the most?"

"The Bishop of Nantes and Draco, Sire of Castel-Redon. These are my worst enemies."

"Yesterday I shaped a figure like this. Has it been placed as I ordered, between the teeth of one about to expire on the gallows?"

"One of my serfs struck my bailiff. She was hanged this morning from my seigniorial forks. At the moment when she gave up the ghost, the executioner placed the wax puppet between her teeth. Your orders have been carried out."

"In keeping with my promise, your enemies will soon be in your power. Nevertheless, in order to complete the charm, these other two little figures will have to be buried under the root of a tree, that grows at the bank of a river, in which some man or woman was drowned."

"That's easily done. There are large old willows growing on the banks of my river, and often do my men drown in it the stubborn sailors, or the men or women who refuse to pay the toll for my rights of navigation."

"That magic spell must be cast by yourself. You will have to place these little figures in the designated place to-night, when the moon goes down, and you will pronounce three times the names of Jesus, of Astaroth and of Judas. The charm will then be at its full."

"I do not like to see the name of Christ mixed up in all this. Are you, perchance, seeking to lead me into some sacrilege?"

A sardonic smile played over the white lips of Azenor the Pale. "So far from that, I have placed the magic charm under the invocation of Christ; I pronounced a verse from the gospels with each needle that I buried in these puppets. The Lord will thus be our protector."

"Had you not driven me to kill my chaplain, I might have been able to consult him and learn from him whether I would be committing sacrilege."

"You killed the tonsured fellow because you suspected that holy man of improper relations with your wife, and of probably being the father of Guy—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Neroweg, with a voice full of anger. "Hold your tongue, accursed woman! Since that murder I have had no chaplain. No priest, consents to dwell here. Enough of that. Is the philter ready?"

"Not yet. Have patience, seigneur Count."

"What else do you want to concoct it? You wanted the blood of a young child; the young son of one of my serfs has been delivered to you—"

"The child must be prepared for the sacrifice by magic formulas."

"In a word, can you tell me when will that marvelous philter, that you have promised me, be ready?"

"I shall work upon it this very night, during the hours between the rising and the going down of the moon; that's to say, for several hours."

"That's another delay! My ailment grows apace! I suspect you of having cast upon me the evil spell under which I struggle, and which drives me to deeds of furious folly."

"You are wrong in attributing to me such an influence over your fate."

"Was it not you who incited me to kill my eldest son Gonthram?"

"Your son tried to violate me. Of course I had to appeal to your intervention for protection against fresh outrages."

"Had not my equerry Eberhard the Tricky thrown himself between me and Gonthram, I would have killed my son on his return from the hunt. He has insisted that you offered to yield yourself to him if he consented to stab me to death."

"That was a dastardly calumny!"

"Perhaps I should have plunged my dagger in your heart and be done with you."

"And why did you not?"

"Because you read in the stars that our lives were bound together, and that your death would precede mine by only three days. But if I am to dip of the distemper that oppresses me, a curse upon you, sorceress! You shall not survive me. Garin the Serf-eater is charged with my vengeance. Oh, you will not leave this castle alive!" Neroweg pressed his forehead with both hands and proceeded in a spirit more and more dejected as he spoke: "The philter—Will it heal me? Since you cast your diabolical spell upon me, the days seem endless. I am indifferent to everything. After I make the rounds of my domains, shut in among the seigniories of my neighbors, all of them my enemies; after I have ravaged their lands, burned their houses, killed their serfs; after I have levied ransom on the travelers, had justice executed by my baliff, my provost and my hangman; after all that I feel sadder, wearier, more than ever tired of life. I have even surprised myself wishing for death!"

"You wage war, you eat, you drink, you hunt, you sleep and you take your female serfs to your bed when they marry. What is it you lack?"

"I am tired, cloyed with gross enjoyments. Wine tastes sour to me. I feel uneasy when I hunt in my forests, fearful of some ambush prepared by my neighbors. I find my donjon sepulchral like a tomb. I choke under its stone vaults. If I leave the manor, I have ever under my eyes the same saddening landscape. Leave the country, you stupid and savage wolf!"

"Whither shall I go and be happier? Here I am master. What would my fate be elsewhere? During my absence, my neighbors would descend upon my domains like a flock of vultures. The devil! I am bound to my seigniorie like my serfs to the glebe!"

"Your fate is that of all the nobles, your peers."

"But they are not weighed down by their existence like I. Only a few years ago, during the life of my wife Hermengarde, I attacked my neighbors as much for the pleasure of it as to appropriate their lands and to sack their castles. I went on the hunt for caravans of merchants with joy and spirit. I put the prisoners to the torture and delighted at their grimaces. In short, I felt that I lived; I was happy; I ate and drank enormously, and then fell asleep in the arms of one of my female serfs. The next morning I attended mass and departed for the chase, to battle or on a pillaging expedition; that is, on a new round of pleasures." After a moment's silence the seigneur of Plouernel added, with a sigh: "Those days I was a good Catholic! I practiced the faith of my fathers, and every morning, after mass, the chaplain gave me absolution for the deeds of the previous day! To-day, thanks to your wicked contrivances, all my beliefs are overthrown. I have become a pagan!—Aye, a pagan!"

"You, poor imbecile, who carry under your hauberk four relics blessed by the Pope!"

"Will you dare to mock me for my faith in relics?" bellowed Neroweg in a towering rage. "Without the relics that I carry about me you might by this time have dragged me to the bottom of hell, you worthy wife of Satan!"

"Maychance you speak truth, seigneur Count!"

"There is nothing human about you! Your lips are cold as marble; your kisses are frozen!"

"When a reciprocal love shall inflame my veins, then my lips will grow purple, and my kisses will be of fire!"

"Oh, I know it; you never loved me!"

"As well love a wolf of the forest as a Neroweg. You carried me off by force, and I have had to submit to your lust. The man whom I adore, whom I have long loved, even without seeing him, is William the Ninth, the handsome Duke of Aquitaine."

"William!" exclaimed Neroweg in an accent of ferocious jealousy. "That sacrilegious wretch, who carries on his shield the portrait of Malborgiane, his mistress!"

"William is a poet; he is young, handsome, bold, bright and gay. All women dream of, and all men dread him. You are his vassal. Woe unto you should you dare cross him! He would leave not one stone on the other in your castle. He would make you grovel on the ground on hands and knees; he would clap a saddle on you and ride on your back a hundred steps at a stretch,

agreeable to the right of a sovereign over his revolted vassal. You are as far removed from the handsome Duke of Aquitaine as the dull buzzard is from the noble falcon that darts towards the sun making its golden bells tinkle!"

Neroweg uttered a cry of rage, and, drawing his dagger, rushed upon Azenor. But her marble figure remained impassive, her white lips curled in disdainful smile. "Kill me, coward knight, assassin!"

After a moment of savage irresolution, Neroweg returned his dagger to the scabbard: "Oh, damned be the day I captured you on the road to Angers. It is you who brought down the curse that rests upon this castle. But will ye, nill ye, you shall yourself break the spell you have thrown upon me and my children, who, like their father, are becoming somber and silent."

"That's the business of the philter, which I am preparing."

The conversation was at this point interrupted by two raps on the door from without. Neroweg asked roughly: "Who's that?" "Seigneur Count," a voice answered, "you are waited to open the session of the court in the stone hall!"

Neroweg made a gesture of impatience, and, donning the iron casque which he had laid on a settee, replied: "Once the homage of my vassals pleased my vanity. To-day everything annoys, everything is irksome to me. Oh, sad is my life!"

"To-morrow, thanks to my philter, nothing more will weigh upon you—nor upon yours," observed Azenor, and, placing in the Count's hands the two little wax images, she added: "Your two enemies—the Sire of Castel-Redon and the Bishop of Nantes—will soon fall into your hands, provided you yourself place these magic figures where I have told you, while you pronounce three times the names of Judas, of Astaroth and of Jesus."

"It is hard for me to pronounce the name of Jesus in connection with this sorcery," remarked Neroweg, raising his head and receiving almost fearfully the two little figures. "To-night the philter; if not, you die to-morrow!" Then, bethinking himself, "Where is the child?"

"In that alcove," answered Azenor

Neroweg walked towards the turret, raised the curtain and saw little Colomba, the son of Fergan the Quarryman, lying on the floor. The innocent creature was sound asleep at the foot of a stand loaded with vases of bizarre form. The walls of the turret, paneled with marble slabs, rose bare to the ceiling, the floor of whose upper story was on a level with the platform of the donjon. Neroweg, after contemplating the child for an instant, stepped out of the donjon, double-locking the door after him, and taking care to withdraw the key and place it in his jerkin.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### FEUDAL JUSTICE

Eberhard the Tricky, one of the equeries of the seigneur of Plouernel, awaited his master outside of the retreat of Azenor, in company with Thiebold, justiciary provost of the seigniorie. The latter addressed Neroweg, who was slowly descending the stone staircase.

"The chatelain of the fort of Ferte-Mehan signed the relinquishment of his fief of Haut-Menil at the third wedge struck into his knee by the gaoler. The Sire of Breuille-Haudoin died of the results of the torture. The Abbot Guilbert offers three hundred silver sous for his ransom. But he has not yet been put to the torture, and such offers mean nothing. We shall proceed in order."

"And then? What other cases are there?"

"That's all. There is to-day nothing else on hand."

While carrying on this conversation the Seigneur of Plouernel, his provost and his equerry, descended to the basement of the donjon-keep, at the corner where the staircase landed. A narrow window, guarded with enormous iron bars, alone lighted this vast hall, bare, somber and vaulted. In the inside yard several men-at-arms held themselves ready to mount their horses. Near the center of the hall, which served as a court of pleas, stood, according to custom, a large stone table, behind which ranged themselves the officers of the house of the Count—the master of the horse, the master of the chamber, the master of the dogs, of the falcons, of the table, and several other dignitaries. These people, instead of being paid by the seigneurs, bought from them these hereditary offices in their families, an inheritance that at times became odd by the contrast it presented between the function and the incumbent. It happened that a post of runner, sold in fief to an agile and vigorous man, often descended as the inheritance of a son, as unfit for the post as a broken-winded ox. The seigneurs, with an eye to revenue, multiplied these offices all they could, and the purchasers yielded, not so much to the pride of belonging to the seigniorial households as to the desire of sheltering themselves from the master's lawlessness, and of sharing the fruits of his brigandage. In those dark days, the choice was between oppressing or being oppressed; submitting to the horrors of serfdom, or becoming the instruments of the feudal tyrants; joining them in doing violence, robbing and torturing one's fellows, or resigning oneself to undergo all these sufferings himself. Such were the sad results of the Frankish conquest. The seigneurs imposed servitude, the friars preached resignation, and the people of Gaul became cowardly, selfish and cruel. They rent themselves with their own hands by turning accomplices to their gaoler.

Besides the head domestics of Neroweg, present at these law courts,—which took the place of the Germanic "malhs" of the reign of Clovis—there was also the provost, the baliff and the scribe of the seigniorie. The latter, seated on a stool, his parchment rolls on his knees, his desk beside him, his pen between his teeth, awaited the opening of the session. The first domestics of the Count, respectful and timid, remained standing in a semicircle behind their master. Since four of five centuries back, the class of the leudes, who, in the early days of the Frankish conquest, lived in common with and as equals of their chiefs, had ceased to exist. In the measure that the conquest became more firmly fixed, the titular and beneficiary seigneurs of the soil of Gaul, shocked at the idea of equality contracted by their old companions in arms, evicted them little by little from the domains where chiefs and leudes had lived in common. The descendants of these obscure Frankish warriors, sacrificed to the pride and cupidity of the beneficiaries, soon fell into misery, and from misery into a servitude equal to that of the Gauls. "Since then, Franks and Gauls—the former disinherited by ingratitude, the latter by conquest, and now joined in misery and servitude—felt a common hatred towards the church and the seigneurs. There were then but two classes—the common people, serfs, peasants and bourgeois or townsmen; and nobles, knights and seigneurs. The latter, isolating themselves ever more, lived like

absolute sovereigns in their strongholds, having no equals, but only menials, the accomplices of their acts of brigandage; or serfs, stupefied by terror or besotted by the friars.

Gonthram and Guy, the two sons of Neroweg, the younger at the left, the elder at the right of their father, attended the court. The latter had just reached the age of knighthood, a glorious event, so dearly paid for by the serfs of the seigniorie. Gonthram resembled his father greatly. A look at the whelp told what he would be when age would have made of him a wolf. Guy, the younger, seventeen years of age, recalled the sardonic and vindictive features of his mother, Hermengarde. These two youths, brought up in the midst of this life of strife, of rapine and of debauchery, left to the violence of their passions, disposing as masters over an abject population, had none of the charms that are the attribute of adolescence. "Away in a corner of the hall stood several bourgeois of the little town of Plouernel, who had come to complain of the exactions of the Count's men; or to excuse themselves for failure to pay the imposts in money and goods that it had pleased their seigneur to lay upon them; or to plead that the dues credited to the seigneur had long been met or exceeded; or yet to announce that they had removed from their roofs the weather-vanes, placed there in ignorance of the seigniorial rights, and taken down the pigeon houses they had started to raise in violation of the prescriptions of the feudal law.

The court was also attended by noble vassals of Neroweg, owners of smaller fortified places or of manors, held under the Count of Plouernel, the suzerain of these fiefs, the same as Neroweg, a vassal of William IX., Duke of Aquitaine, held under that suzerain, who, as vassal of Philip I., in turn held of that French King, the supreme sovereign. This hierarchy of all feudal seigniories existed in name only, never in fact. The great vassals, veritable sovereigns, entrenched in their duchies, laughed at the impotent authority of the King. In turn, the sovereignty of the dukes was almost despised, contested or attacked by their vassals, who were absolute masters in their seigniories, as the dukes in their duchies. The immediate vassalage, however, such as rested on the vassals of the seigniorie of Plouernel, was ever enforced in all its fullness and tyrannic severity. There, at any time, the implacable vengeance of the suzerain could reach directly the goods and chattels of the recalcitrant vassal. Among the people who had come from the city, from the fortified cities or from their manors, was a handsome young girl, accompanied by her mother. Sad and uneasy, the two exchanged alarmed looks when the seigneur of Plouernel, entering the law court with a somber mien, sat down on a throne, one son at his right, the other at his left, and ordered Garin the Serf-eater to call the roll of cases entered for the session.

The bailiff bore no further mark of the wound he had received from Pierrine the Goat than a plaster on his forehead. He took up a scroll and commenced calling up the list of cases:

"Gerhard, son of Hugh, who died last month, succeeds his father in the fief of Heute-Mont, held under the Count of Plouernel. He comes to acquit the right of relief, and to pledge fealty and homage to his suzerain."

Thereupon, a man still young, covered with a leather casque and carrying at his side a long sword, stepped forth from the group of persons who had come to the session of the court. He came forward holding in his hand a large purse filled with money, and placed it on the stone table, thus acquitting the right of relief due the seigneur by all vassals who take possession of their inheritance. Then, upon a sign of the bailiff, the new castellan of Heute-Mont, taking off his casque and unbuckling the belt of his sword, placed himself humbly on both knees before the seigneur of Plouernel. The bailiff, however, noticing that the country squire, having come on horseback, retained his spurs, addressed him in any angry tone: "Vassal, dare you take the pledge of fealty and homage to your seigneur with the spurs at your heels?"

The young castellan repaired the incongruity by removing his spurs and dropping back upon his knees at the feet of Neroweg, with hands joined and head lowered, he humbly waited for his seigneur to pronounce the consecrated formula: "You acknowledge yourself my liege as the holder of a fief in my seigniorie?"

"Yes, my seigneur."

"You swear upon your soul never to carry arms against me, and to serve and defend me against my enemies?"

"I swear it, my seigneur."

"Keep thy oath. At the first felonious infraction thy fief reverts to me!"

Gerhard rose, replaced his spurs and buckled on the belt of his sword, while casting a sad look upon the purse of money with which he had paid his right of relief.

After the lord of Heute-Mont, a richly dressed young girl stepped forward, uneasy, trembling and her eyes full of tears. Her mother, not less moved than herself, accompanied her. When both were a few steps from the stone table, the seigneur of Plouernel said to the damsel: "Have you decided to obey the orders of your suzerain?"

"Monseigneur," answered the young girl, in a feeble and suppliant voice, "it is impossible for me to resign myself to—"

She could not finish. Sobs smothered her words, and, breaking out in tears, she dropped her head upon the shoulder of her mother, who said to the Count: "My good seigneur, my daughter loves Eucher, one of your own vassals. Eucher loves my daughter Yolande no less tenderly. The union of these two children would make the happiness of my life—"

"No! no!" interrupted the seigneur of Plouernel, in a towering rage. "By the death of her father Yolande holds a fief under my seigniorie. Mine alone is the right to dispose of her in marriage. She must choose a husband from among the three men whom, according to our usage, I have designated. They are three Franks, that is, nobles—Richard, Enquerrand and Conrad. The eldest of them not being yet sixty years old, the age limit is observed. Does Yolande accept one of my three lieges for her husband?"

"Oh, seigneur," replied the mother imploringly, while the young girl sobbed aloud, "Richard is mean looking and blind of one eye; Conrad is a murderer; he killed his first wife in a fit of passion; Enquerrand is lame, wicked and feared by all who come near him, moreover, he is too old for my daughter, he will be sixty years within two months. None of them is fit for Yolande."

"Your daughter, accordingly, refuses to wed one of the three men presented by me?"

"Seigneur, she wishes no other husband than Eucher; and I may assure you the lad is worthy of the love of my daughter."

(Continued on Page 3.)

# The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

"The devil! We have had words enough. If your daughter insists upon refusing to select from among my men, and marries Eucher, the fief reverts to me. It is my right. I shall enforce it."

"In the name of heaven, monseigneur, if you appropriate our lands what shall we live on? Are we to beg our bread? Have pity upon us!"

Yolande raised her beautiful face, pale and wet with tears, took a step towards Neroweg, and said, with dignity: "Keep the heritage of my father. I prefer to live in poverty with him whom I love than to wed any of these men of yours who inspire me with horror."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the distracted mother, "disobedience to the seigneur of Plouernel means misery for us!"

"Marriage with one of the three men proposed, means death to me," answered the poor child.

"Seigneur, good seigneur!" resumed the stricken mother, "deign to allow Yolande to remain a spinster. You would not force her to the choice between our ruin and a marriage that horrifies her?"

"No fief can remain in the possession of a woman," was the sententious utterance of the bailiff. "Usage is opposed to it."

"We have had enough of words!" cried out Neroweg, stamping the ground with rage. "This young woman refuses to wed one of my men. The fief is now mine. Bailiff, you will this evening send a force to take possession of the house and all its contents. You will eject the two women."

"Mother, let's depart," said Yolande, proudly. "We once were free and happy; now we are no better than serfs. But I prefer their sad lot to that reserved for me by Count Neroweg in delivering me to one of his bandits."

Undoubtedly the seigneur of Plouernel would have revenged himself for the bitter reproaches of Yolande had he not been prevented by the sudden arrival of one of his men, who, running in all out of breath, brought news of the arrest of the Bishop of Nantes, who had appeared at the toll gate disguised as a mendicant friar, and was recognized by one of the guards.

"The Bishop of Nantes in my power!" exclaimed Neroweg. "As soon as predicted it. Her magic charm begins to operate!" He rose precipitately from his throne, and, followed by his sons

and several of his equerries, ran to meet the bishop, his enemy, who was being led a prisoner, together with the other travelers captured by the armed guards posted at the toll gate. Bezenecq the Rich and his daughter Isoline accompanied Simon, the Bishop of Nantes, and the monk Jeronimo, clad like a prelate. After his vain efforts to induce the travelers not to cross the seignior of Plouernel, the bishop had, nevertheless, joined them, not venturing to enter alone with Jeronimo upon the territory of the seigneur of Castel-Redon, and hoping he would pass unperceived amidst a numerous troop. Unhappily for him, among the guards at the gate was a soldier named Robin the Nantesian, who had lived in the city of Nantes, and where he had opportunity to see the leading personages among the inhabitants. He quickly pointed out Bezenecq the Rich as a townsman from whom it would be easy to extract a big ransom. Noticing, thereupon, a monk, who seemed anxious to keep his cowl over his head, he pulled the frock off the monk and recognized the Bishop of Nantes, a personal enemy of the Count. The men of Neroweg then seized the two friars, pinioned them, as well as Bezenecq and his daughter, and accepted the toll from the other passengers, whom they allowed to pursue their journey. The bourgeois of Nantes, bound upon his mule, with his daughter bathed in tears at the crupper, was carried to the castle, with the bishop and Jeronimo, their hands tied behind their backs, following on foot. When the captives arrived at the first courtyard of the castle, Bezenecq alighted from the saddle, and, freed from his bandages, he held up his daughter, ready to faint. The bishop, pale as death, leaned upon the arm of Jeronimo, whose resolute carriage betrayed no fears. Neroweg, accompanied by his sons, arrested his hurrying steps when he came close to the prisoners, and, addressing them, said, sardonically: "I greet you, Simon! I greet you, holy man, my father in Christ! I hardly looked for this joyful meeting!"

"I am at your mercy," answered the prelate; "the will of God be done. Do with me as you will."

"I shall avail myself of your leave," replied the seigneur of Plouernel. "Oh, this is a happy day to me!"

"I ask only one favor," rejoined the bishop, "the favor of keeping near me this poor monk until the moment of my death, that he may help me to die like a Christian."

"I do not mean to send you quite so soon to Paradise. I have other designs upon you," and beckoning to Garin the Serf-eater to draw near, the seigneur of Plouernel whispered a few words in his ear. The bailiff nodded affirmatively, crossed the drawbridge and entered the donjon.

During their father's brief dialogue with the bishop, Guy and Gontram had not ceased to pursue Isoline with their lascivious looks, and the frightened young girl had hidden her face on the

breast of her father. Robin the Nantesian, raising his voice, said to Neroweg, while placing his hand on the shoulder of the townsman: "This is one of the richest merchants of the city of Nantes. He is called Bezenecq the Rich. Forget not that he is worth his weight in gold."

The Count fastened his falcon eyes upon the captive, and, taking two steps toward him, said: "Your name is Bezenecq the Rich?"

"I am so called, noble seigneur," humbly answered the bourgeois. "If your men have arrested me in order to make me pay ransom, I only request not to be separated from my daughter. Hand me a parchment. I shall write to the depositary of my money to deliver a hundred gold sous to whomever of your men shall deliver my letter to him. You will have the sum upon the return of your messenger, and you will then return our liberty to myself and my daughter." Seeing that the Count shrugged his shoulders with a sardonic smile, the merchant added: "Illustrious seigneur, instead of one hundred gold sous I will give you two hundred. But, I pray you, for mercy's sake, have me taken with my daughter to some apartment where the poor child may recover from her fright and the fatigues of the journey." Isoline, more and more alarmed at the ardent looks of the two whelps, trembled convulsively. Neroweg, silent as before, looked from time to time towards the donjon as if awaiting the return of the bailiff. Bezenecq resumed with an effort: "Seigneur, if two hundred pieces of gold do not yet suffice you, I shall go as far as three hundred. It means my ruin. But I resign myself to that, provided you set my daughter and myself free."

At that moment Garin the Serf-eater came out of the donjon, recrossed the draw bridge and spoke in an undertone to Neroweg, who, turning to the prisoners, said: "Come along, my guests! You will learn what I am to do with you. You are to have a chat with a certain dame of great powers of persuasion."

"Oh, you butcher! You mean to put me to the torture!" cried the bishop, horror stricken. "Jesus, my God, have pity upon me! Mercy! Mercy!"

"No weakness, Simon," whispered Jeronimo to him; "we must submit to the will of God. His ways are inscrutable."

"Let the bishop be taken to his lodging; the monk shall keep him company." The bishop emitted lamentable cries and essayed to resist the men who were dragging him into the donjon. "It is now your turn to step in, Bezenecq the Rich. Come, brother, resistance is useless."

"Have I not offered you three hundred gold sous for my ransom, Count of Plouernel?" asked the merchant. "If you do not find that sum enough I shall add another hundred gold pieces. I shall have given you my whole fortune!"

"Oh, worthy brother, in honor to the commerce of Nantes, I

cannot admit that one of its wealthiest merchants is worth only four hundred gold sous!" Then, turning to his men: "Conduct my guest and his daughter to their quarters."

At the moment when the men of Neroweg were about to take hold of Bezenecq the Rich, Gontram, brutally seizing the hand of Isoline, whom the merchant held fainting in his embrace, said: "Take this girl! She is my share of the ransom!"

"I also want her," cried out Guy, his eyes all aflame and advancing toward his brother with a menacing look. But Gontram, little caring for the words and threats of his brother, made ready to seize the maid and carry her off. Guy then drew his sword. Gontram in turn drew his, while the daughter of the townsman, distracted with terror, shrank within herself, inert, in a swoon.

"Guy! Gontram! Put up your swords! This maid shall be none of yours," ordered Neroweg. "She shall not leave her father. In the presence of his daughter the bourgeois will prove more accommodating. Put back your swords! You, Garin," he went on, turning to the bailiff, "take this beauty in your arms, if she cannot walk, and carry her in with the old man."

Isoline, catching, despite her terror, the last words of Neroweg, rose to her feet with an effort and said to Garin in a suppliant voice: "For mercy's sake, my good seigneur, take me along with my father. I shall have strength to walk."

"Come," answered the bailiff, leading her to the draw bridge, while Guy and Gontram, slowly returning their swords to their scabbards, exchanged such vindictive looks that the Count considered it necessary to remain near them in order to prevent a fresh outbreak.

Isoline, following Garin with unsteady step, crossed the draw bridge and entered the hall of the stone table, where still several vassals of the seigneur awaited the close of the session that had been interrupted by the arrival of the prisoners. At one of the corners of this hall was the stone staircase that led down in a spiral from the platform of the donjon to its lowest cells. Near the steps was a trap door. Two men of sinister figure, clad in goat skins and carrying lanterns in their hands, stood near the gaping opening. Bezenecq was loudly calling for his daughter, and resisting with all his force the men who were dragging him in. Seeing, however, his daughter advancing towards him, he ceased to offer resistance, but broke down, weeping.

"Hurry up, my rich townsman!" said Garin the Serf-eater to him; "my seigneur wishes that you and your daughter remain together." Then, turning to the gaolers who carried the lanterns: "Go down first and light our way." The gaolers obeyed, and soon the merchant and Isoline disappeared with them in the depths of the subterranean donjon.

(To be Continued.)

## TOLSTOI AND SOCIALISM

The New York American of Sunday, December 20, published a letter written by Vasili Mersky, wherein the latter repeats a few words, spoken before a party of friends, by the great Russian author and philosopher, Count Tolstoi, which bear thinking about.

The aged count has discovered that the so-called "intelligent classes," so far as real human progress is concerned, are of quite "infinitesimal consequence," and that it is the "masses" who are for truth, progress and knowledge, which is a remarkable discovery,—for a count; but then the count is a remarkable man.

These "select," "intelligent" people who, at most, comprise but a mere handful of persons, he ridicules. For, says he, they model their lives on the "principles" of their particular newspaper or magazine and look down upon the masses—our poorer brethren—as so many head of cattle. On the other hand, "the masses" do not go to the newspapers or books; they chew medical tracts and fads, and for their wisdom go direct to life.

Tolstoi spoke of Professor Metchnikoff's recent book, "Studies of Human Nature." Metchnikoff thinks human unhappiness is due to the imperfections of the human system, which imperfections, science will one day set right, thus ending human ills and guaranteeing perfect happiness and long life.

Continuing, Tolstoi said: "He is a truly intelligent and very learned person, this scientist, but he does not know mankind's real needs and grievances. He affects to think we do not live long enough, while the real trouble is we do not live well enough."

While reading his remarks on Metchnikoff's method of ending human misery and introducing the day of perfect happiness, we wonder, since Tolstoi apparently knows mankind's real needs, what is his remedy. Here it is: "The real prime need of the human race," says he, "is that its heart awake, that it returns to the worship of God; that is, God. Goodness, sometimes spelled godliness, must be man's star in life, must be his guide and only concern. When goodness rules all will be well."

The reader who, on the strength of his earlier remarks expected a practical suggestion from Tolstoi, will feel "let in" when he reads his suggested panacea for human ills. He will feel like the charmed person who gets through half a column of interesting reading only to discover he has been led into a seductive advertisement for some patent fake medicine.

Tolstoi confuses the idea of "goodness" of morality with theology. But ideals of goodness and morality have changed many times in the past, and are continually changing now, as also have conceptions of theology changed.

Not to speak of the many and varied sects, numbering well into the hundreds, each calling themselves Christian, each with its particular idea of life, duty, ideal goodness and of God, there are many other highly developed religions with intricately wrought beliefs, differ-

ing entirely from any of the Christian sects referred to. Some of these have adherents outnumbering those of the entire combined Christian churches by many millions.

In point of purity of origin, probably not one of the religions of to-day is pure. That is, probably there is not one but owes a great deal to other and earlier religions. In fact, all religions are the result of the gradual growth and development of philosophy combined with mystic ceremony. Theology is merely a human invention. There was a time during human existence on the earth when theology was not. But morality differs from theology in that it cannot be said to be a distinct invention, because, in some form or other, it existed always. It is coeval with life. Morality is the generally conceded fittest thing to be done in a situation. It follows that there cannot be a definite and fixed code of morals, nor an unalterable ideal of goodness. Moral ideals in any place or period necessarily correspond with the prevailing material and social conditions. The evolution of the moral ideal proceeds in step with the evolution of the race.

Religion owes its birth to fear and wonder in the primitive man's mind. From then, onward through ages and ages it passed through many varied phases before it came to be associated with the morals of social intercourse. However, the actual association of religion and morals has long since passed away, and to-day religion has little or no connection with the daily doings of the people, and it continues its life, such as it is, by means only of propaganda.

It is entirely reasonable to conjecture that when the last tenet of religion is buried in oblivion morality will continue to exist even in a more purified form than is observed to-day.

Who does not know of numerous examples of noteworthy goodness, of sterling worth of character which were entirely disavowed from any form of religion, and as many examples of moral indifference or even remissness closely associated in the same person with religion. Such examples are numerous enough to confirm the opinion advanced, that morality and religion have no connection existing between them.

To what particular ideal of goodness and to what particular religion will Tolstoi have the human race "return" he does not here make clear. We may presume he is speaking of the Tolstoi ideal of goodness and the Tolstoi conception of religion. He says that "the prime need of the human race is that its heart awake," but by what means this shall be accomplished he leaves us to conjecture. But that is the way with philosophers and philosophy; they and it must be vague, for half their charm lies in that. When a philosopher descends to practicality he is no longer a philosopher; he is a common hack reformer, which is not nearly so fascinating a position.

It is a fact much lamented in the earnest sections of the various churches that the masses are, as a whole, quite irre-

ligious. The close observer will notice that the main bulk of the religious bodies is drawn from just that class which Tolstoi has no use for—the "intelligent class." The poor man and the untutored man has little or no place nor welcome in the usual run of churches. His patronage is not worth courting. However, he does not mind that, for the natural instincts which Tolstoi claims the untutored man is guided by, do not incline him in the direction of such places.

While Tolstoi's remedial suggestion is vague and impractical, the following remarks of his are clear and delightfully definite. He says:

"Life as it is to-day is a unit of wickedness and lies; a reform must come or what is called civilization must perish. But neither science nor 'intelligence' can bring about the necessary reforms—only the masses can do that. If it were otherwise the situation confronting us to-day would be even more appalling. Remember, Russia contains 500,000 intelligent people against 120,000,000 of the untutored."

"Public morality cannot be improved lest the masses resolve on self-improvement, lest they recognize the evils of their way and elect to begin life anew—on a different plan."

"Civilization, civilization—it is sickening to contemplate what passes under that name. "Twenty paces from this peaceful home you will find a gendarme, a murderous sword at his side, rifle swung over his shoulder, a revolver at his belt. And as you travel to Moscow, or toward any other part of the globe, you will meet troops of young men being drilled for slaughter, or actually engaged in that civilized occupation."

"Speeches from the throne, or addresses of that kind delivered in republics, tell but of strife and hatred, of brutal forces and bloodshed. Your 'intelligent' people use their intelligence mainly for purposes of destruction. A group of happy islands civilized with fire and sword, millions of people instructed in the use of intoxicants, drugs and firearms; that is their idea of civilization to which I oppose the latent hopes and ideals of the masses."

"Their hopes and ideals culminate in peace in a life without shadows and cold, without sufferings and without despair, a life full of light and joy."

We are at one with Tolstoi when he says reform must come or civilization perish, and that reform must come only by and through "the masses." But we part company when he thinks "the prime need of the race is that it return to the worship of God."

As we have just said, "the masses" are not religious, and there does not appear any tendency among them to become so. In view of this, how stands it with Tolstoi's proposition that the race before all things must become religious? It would seem, since it is chiefly among the upper tenet that religion flourishes, that the salvation of the race must come by and through that class. But there is a rapidly increasing number among "the masses" who are alive to

the fact that there is no hope for the race in the upper class or its religion, that its religion, like every other department of its life, is hypocritical and rotten, foully rotten.

If the hope of the human race depends upon the awakening amongst us of a sincere religion, then is our case cheerless indeed. At the head of the present civilization stands the "well-to-do," the "intelligent" class, steeped to its hardened heart in the blood of its crimes of oppression at home and war abroad, incapable, by its very nature of anything sincere, a sincere religion could never grow in its midst. Its religion is, and must continue to be, incinerate and external. Such religion is powerless to regenerate even the class who uphold it, not to think of the regeneration of the whole race. At the foot of—nay, under the heel of the present civilization—lie "the masses" in their natural and undisturbed indifference to any form of religion, without the vestige of a sign of future awakening to a religious life. Therefore, neither in the upper cut nor in the lower cut of present society do we see any hope for the race if the hope depends on the awakening of the heart of the race and its return to the worship of God, desirable as perhaps that may seem to be.

Will it avail one jot in the solution of modern social problems if every son of a plebeian turns godly and orders his life on the principles of Tolstoi's Christian teaching? I think not. What can religion do for the consumptive toiler in the workshop, who is chained to his disease breeding conditions, by the unrelenting necessities of himself and family? Is religion the prime need of that individual among us, that product of centuries of grinding oppression, "the slave of the wheel of labor," with stunted body and atrophied brain, "a thing dead to rapture and despair, that grieves not and that never hopes, stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?" Neither religion nor its ultimate effect, so far as we have seen it, can ameliorate this man's condition.

Religion offers but sorry solace to the man out of a job, and the best it appears able to do for the chronic poor is the soup kitchen.

It needs no saying that to the man or woman in need or distress the words of Tolstoi are but mockery. For its enjoyment his philosophy needs as a prerequisite condition a moderate amount of comfort in life. (Count Tolstoi is assured of more than that.) A sure dinner, lodging, clothes to wear and a bit of fire in winter.

No, I do not think a religious change is the prime need of the human race. Such a change, granting it could be brought about, would leave untouched the source of the evils of modern life. It would make no appreciable difference in the sum total condition of the masses of every Jack and Jill were as religious as Tolstoi could wish. They would be exploited, robbed and oppressed by the thieves and tyrants who have got possession of the land and the means of production the same as now

The prime need of the human race is that which will remedy the prime evil. The prime evil of civilization is its economic system; because this system has produced or encouraged and fostered dishonesty in trade in all forms, slavery, prostitution, selfishness, greed, hate, war, crime, the corruption of government and the general oppression of the people,—in fact, anything which will bring money, trade or advantage to the capitalist or adventurer.

Tolstoi says that Metchnikoff's remedy, science, can do nothing to better the race. We expect as little from Tolstoi's remedy—religion. Physical science and religion have assumed and promised much, but so far from saving society from its evils they have fallen under the evil influence and become part of the general corruption.

To those well-intentioned people, who, like Count Tolstoi, are unsatisfied with present social conditions and are working for, and expect that a general revival of religion among the people will bring in its wake the amelioration of the race, we hope to show you that your calculations are wrong. Perhaps you think once in a while of one of those successful days of Jesus, when the multitudes followed him to hang on his words, or perhaps pentecost comes to mind. Such an outpouring of the religious spirit must surely improve the condition of the people, though exactly how, you can't explain. The first Christians were good men, and if you could get all men to be as good you think—why, everything else could be arranged amicably. Great things followed the work of Jesus. Why not that same religion make great changes now? We remind you that social conditions are totally different from those of the time of Jesus. Yes, you say, you are aware of that, and have consequently modified your Christianity to suit present times.

When we compare the Christianity of to-day with the Christianity of Jesus we cannot help but notice that there has been a great deal of modification somewhere, but your religion seems to have lost rather than gained by the modification. When I remind you that social conditions are different to-day than they were in the time of Jesus I want to draw your attention to a commonly known and well-established natural law.

Before the people will accept any new, or revival of any old idea, religion, philosophy or system which is brought before them, it is necessary first that the religion, philosophy or system possess elements which fit in with the hopes, the life, the general experience and the more or less defined mental attitude and feelings of the people. Given that, a religion, philosophy or symptom possesses such elements, it will succeed; but if it lacks these elements no amount of propaganda can push it into popularity. Thus it is the character, the mental attitude of a people, combined with the social and material conditions of the time, which forms and determines its religion and general philosophy, and not its religion, etc., which determines its character and social conditions.

A nation's character molds its religion, but a nation's character is not molded by its religion to any appreciable extent. As a nation is never the same at any two periods of its history, it follows that at no two periods will its religion be actually the same. There is an easily discernible difference even within a century. Now, in view of this fact, is it not somewhat foolish to talk about a revival of, or a return to, a former religion? That former religion, if it was a living religion, was the offspring of the conditions of its day, and would be good and fitting only where similar conditions were found. Don't forget that a religion is not the cause, but the result and final outcome of the material and social conditions of its day.

It is as impossible, or as possible, if you like, to revive a past religion as it is to revive the conditions which produced it. The old conditions have passed away and along with them the beautiful old religion. It is with national life, as it is with personal life, "an experience once passed is passed forever, and it cannot be lived again though you seek it with tears."

A religion to succeed must meet the instant and immediate needs of the people. It is useless for you to try to propagate an apparently good and ideal religion if it does not fit in with the daily life of the people. You cannot alter the people to fit your religion. Your religion must fit the people; in fact, it must be an expression of their common hopes and aspirations. Hence it is that religions and philosophies invented out of pure reason have seldom found much following. Such philosophies did not voice the feeling of the common people. On the other hand, the founders of most of the great religions have been men who lived the life of the common people. They thought the thoughts and felt the feelings of the masses, but in an intenser degree than the rest. These men were the voices of the people. When Jesus spoke all Israel uttered itself, and all Arabia found its mouthpiece in Mohammed.

Great and noble as was Christianity, however, it did not lift the burden of the worker or slave. If it could not accomplish this in its early and vigorous days there is less and less chance of its accomplishing anything in its weak and degenerate days—when, as we have already pointed out, conditions are less in its favor than they were in the time of the first Christians. That Christianity has failed to do this is not the fault of Christianity as a religion. It was not the precise thing Christianity set out to accomplish. We charge it with this failure only because the adherents of Christianity claim its ability and fitness to solve problems which are purely economic. Their false views are harmful in that they divert the attention of the people from that which can remedy the evil.

It is wearying to have it reiterated in our ears year after year by the pulpit orators and authors of Christendom that the prime need of the race is to "turn to God," by which they mean the human family only needs to accept their particular brand of religion to insure universal happiness.

We beg of those pulpit orators,

authors, and you, our respected well-intentioned Christian worker, that the human race has instinct enough to know what it needs if you will give it time to show it. During the last 1,900 years Christianity has been offered to the race in almost every possible manner and form. We think if it contained the solution of the problem of human happiness the unerring instinct of humanity would in that time have discovered it.

We cannot gain real happiness by a trick of philosophy or by a religious belief any more than we can buy sound health in a physician's bottle. Happiness is the natural result and accompaniment of health and normal activity of body and mind.

The prime need of the race is not a religious change but a new economic system, one based not on privilege to the few and oppression of the many, but a system based on simple justice to every human who lives under it. A system under which the worker can choose his work and reap the full product of his labor, then have time to rest and to enjoy the pleasure he has learned; a system where every child shall be accorded a welcome to the world and its rightful privilege of care and education; a system which, for idleness on the one hand and intense slavery on the other, substitutes normal and healthful activity all around; a system where there is no use for crime and where war becomes unnecessary.

Many things have already been done towards the establishment of such an economic system. The last function which the annual plant performs is the ripening of its seed which is to be the beginning of the life of its successor. The present system has already ripened within itself the seed for its successor, and is now hastening to dissolution. To try to save or restore the old plant is waste effort; it will die even though you patch it all over with reforms, of whatever color. The old system is going and the system which is to take its place must come up from the masses; it must be the embodiment and realization of those latent hopes and ideals of the people which Tolstoi speaks of.

The new system, beneficent to mankind though it will be, has its enemies—capitalism and ignorance. The latter will gradually disperse, but the former has taken a definite and decided stand for its life. Though it represents a very small minority of the population, its agencies are many and strong. It has almost the entire wealth of the world, a many-mouthed press, the influence of most of the clergy, the power of kings, governments and armies, and all the accredited appearances of so-called civilization. Apparently a formidable foe, but not one nor all of its supports can save it, no more than the armor of Goliath saved him, and no more than the struggle of the feudal barons saved feudalism. Why? Because the little and despised cause of Socialism is in the direct line of social evolution. Strong as is the arm of capitalism, it is as powerless before the forces of natural social development as was the command of King Canute of England before the on-rolling tide.

We have said that a new economic system is the prime need of the race. How

(Continued on Page Six.)

## WEEKLY PEOPLE

2, 4 and 6 New Road St., New York.  
P. O. Box 1574. Tel. 129 Franklin.

Published every Saturday by the  
Socialist Labor Party.

Subscription rates: Less than 100 copies, 1 cent a copy; 100 to 500 copies, 1/2 cent a copy; 500 or more, 1/4 cent a copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office, July 12, 1900.

As far as possible, rejected communication will be returned, if so desired, and stamps are enclosed.

## SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

|              |        |
|--------------|--------|
| In 1858..... | 2,000  |
| In 1862..... | 21,157 |
| In 1866..... | 36,564 |
| In 1870..... | 34,191 |
| In 1902..... | 53,617 |

The class struggle between the wealth-makers and the wealth-takers will endure as long as the present system of production for profit continues.

## TRUCE AND TREATIES.

It was under an inspirational moment that Prof. W. M. Daniels of Princeton has just said that the opinion of the extremists, who reject arbitration in the disputes between Capital and Labor is tantamount to saying that "a truce in war ought never to be allowed, but that all the contestants on one side or the other ought to be killed to a man." Prof. Daniels' simile is brilliant, and the principle that underlies it is correct; it has to be, otherwise the simile itself could not be brilliant. Indeed, the principle is strictly Socialist, and by it is guided the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, the Trades Union wing of the Socialist Labor Party, in its disputes with the employers' class.

What is a truce? what a treaty? A treaty may and may not be preceded by war. A treaty may spring from the clash of arms; it also may, and most generally does, proceed from amicable relations. The essential feature of the term "treaty" is not determined by RETROSPECT, but by PROSPECT, and by PROSPECT only—and that prospect is not war but peace, blissful peace. The point of a treaty is the belief that peace reigns, or ought to reign between the contracting parties. The status of the "treaty" is peace. Exactly the opposite stands the case with the "truce." Truces proceed from, are concluded during, and contemplate the continuance of hostilities. There is no other truce known, and none imaginable. The status of the truce is war. Inspirational was the use of the term "truce" by Prof. Daniels in the transactions between Capital and Labor.

Labor (the working class) and Capital (the idle, or capitalist class) are irreconcilable foes. Between them rages an irrepressible conflict, the "irrepressible conflict" that this generation has to face and end. Under capitalism Labor is a merchandise, subject, of course, to the unwritten but imperious law that regulates the price of merchandise. For reasons identical with those that, on the whole, lower the price of pork, the price (wages) of the merchandise Labor must steadily decline. Seeing, however, that the merchandise Labor is a human being—a sort of pork-chop with a stomach, soul and heart in it, and, what is, perhaps, of greater moment in the matter, equipped with the ballot of the sovereign citizen, and armed with two arms and a directing head to enforce the flat of the suffrage with seeing that, this peculiar merchandise presents problems of its own—sociologic problems, psychology, if you prefer. It resents the merchandise treatment to which, all sweet words to the contrary notwithstanding, it is subjected to. It roars, kicks, cavorts. These rearings, kickings and cavortings are a nuisance to the capitalist class, whose existence, as a class, depends upon the smooth merchandise working of Labor. Thus, between the two, there is war—war to the finish. The finish being, either that the human part of Labor is so completely squeezed and stamped out that it will become the perambulating pork-chop which we see in the cooie of to-day, or that it will overthrow the system and the class that contends to the status of merchandise, and rear the Socialist Republic.

The status of war between Capital and Labor is not yet generally recognized, despite its obvious evidence. Ignorance on the subject has given birth to the stupidest phrase of the "Brotherhood of Labor and Capital," and, as a

result thereof, to puerile, pious and sometimes fraudulent devices, that now of "arbitration" among the rest,—all of which proceed from the misconception of the fact that war exists, and is bound to continue so long as the present capitalist system of society shall last, and, consequently that only truces are possible—periodically needful arrangements, that proceed from, are entered into during, and inevitably contemplate the continuance of hostilities.

Prof. Daniels' simile reflects the fact of the irrepressible war status between Capital and Labor. It is of little importance, at this moment it matters nothing, that Prof. Daniels surely did not mean all that his terminology implies. What is of importance is that, on the one hand, his critic terminology justly punctures the honest or dishonest false reasoning of the capitalist elements, who affect to reject all negotiations with Labor, while, nevertheless, being combatants in the long protracted warfare of the Social Question, a warfare whose very length necessitates periodical truces; and, on the other hand, the Professor's critic terminology unconsciously reveals how the power of Socialist truth will break through even the thick crust of the carefully cultivated capitalist professional ignorance into the utterance of similes, and thereby implication of theories, that these gentlemen would sooner bite off their own heads than be caught admitting.

In the disputes between Capital and Labor only TRUCES are possible. They are frequently rendered necessary by exigencies of the fray. Whether known as such or foolishly taken for TREATIES of "friendship, peace and amity," these agreements only mark temporary lulls in a struggle which—the genius of Civilization is taking care of that—will last, interrupted by such lulls only, until the robber system of Capitalism is wiped out and the banner of Socialism shall wave triumphant over the Capitol at Washington, beckoning with its flappings, inspiring other Nations to do likewise.

## THE PICKPOCKET TRICK.

Curious news that, from the University of Missouri!

Not so many years ago a voice went up from the grave, and was echoed through the grave stones of the capitalist papers and magazines. It was the voice of dead and buried Malthusianism. Not the declining wage of our working class merchandise—declining in even step with the excess of its supply, thrown into the labor market by privately owned improved machinery,—not that was the "Yellow Danger" that was to Chineseize the land. The regaled corpse of Malthus was trotted out elaborately arguing Malthusianly that the tidal wave of over-population was gathering head in the Yangtze-Kiang Valley, and was to overwhelm us!

And now, what's that that falls upon the startled ear not from far away Peking or Poochow, but from nearby Missouri, from the University of Missouri! 'Tis this: The despatches announce that the goody-goody students have goody-goody petitioned the faculty to cut down their meals from three to two a day! Remembering that but recently Yale students, glorying in the badge of "scab," jumped in to take the places of striking drivers and thus make certain a cutting down of meals-earning wages; remembering that from Columbia University recently went out a call to millionaires, quite pointedly explaining why they should make generous donations to an institution that teaches the dogma of coolidom for the toiling masses and mandarinism for the idle capitalist—remembering these and many other instances of the same nature, the news that comes from the University of Missouri is rather more than a straw that discloses the direction of the stream.

The pickpocket, when he has designs upon the wayfarer's RIGHT hand pocket, bumps him on the LEFT. Our capitalist rulers, through their press, colleges and pulpits,—the drums capitalistic—have in this matter been emulating the pickpocket. Meaning at home to breed the "Yellow Danger," they have, with their Malthusian clap-trap about China but sought to draw attention from their own fingers!

## TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan has returned home. Like another much-traveled Odysseus, he is supposed to have gathered much information, and to have greatly undergone the process of hind-ripening. The opportunity to prove expectation true was given him without delay. Hardly back to Lincoln, Neb., when banquet is tendered him by 700 Democrats. It was a banquet incidental,

a Bryan re-debut in fact. And Mr. Bryan spoke. Mr. Bryan, with ruthless hand uncovered and with matchless tongue exposed the rampant corruption of the day, the arrogance of power, the cravenness of the ruled, and then he moved unto the remedy. He said:

"What is the remedy? There is only one remedy—an appeal to the moral sense of the country, an awakening of public conscience."

This is by far too much, or too little. "Moral sense" is an article of varied significance, to varied people, at varied times. Place two men on a wreck, and the material conditions that surround them will turn them cannibals, each will seek to eat up the other. Drop a man, who is not an idiot, in a woolly Western mining camp, and however peaceful his disposition, he will turn himself into an arsenal, self-preservation demands it. To draw nearer still to Mr. Bryan himself, the silver mine baron, as a limb of capitalist society, must produce his silver ingots at the cheapest price possible: the price of his goods depends upon the cost of production: the cost of production depends upon the price of the material consumed in production. As labor is one of these materials, the silver mine baron's "moral sense" drives him to shoot his merchandise miners if they seek to raise their price, and he considers it a matter of "public conscience" to persecute whoever stands in his way. And so forth and so on. He who says "awaken the moral and public sense" and stops there says nothing. In that sense Mr. Bryan uttered twenty-three unmeaning words—and that is too much.

If, however, Mr. Bryan meant more than he said; if, as is being rumored, he carries, as the editor of the Hearst St. Louis paper that is soon to make its appearance, concealed in his sleeves some "radical and socialistic" economies, to be promulgated only then—then he said too little. A broken off sentence gives no cue to a man's thoughts.

To judge Mr. Bryan by what he did say, he wasted his traveling money, at least in so far as it was meant to enlighten him. He is the same reactionist of yore, who can only bring strength to the arm of capitalism.

## SELF-STRANGULATION.

It will not be the fault of the young and unthinking enthusiasts—we have in mind the honest, not the dishonest Hayes-Carey-Volkzeitung crooks—who are seeking to bore Socialism into the unions from within, if their efforts are crowned only with confusion worse confounded; and if, thereby, both the honest and the dishonest pure and simplers are rendered less accessible to the teachings that their class needs for its emancipation.

Superstitions, erroneous habits of thought must either have their heads staved in, or they must be flanked. There are only these two strategic manoeuvres open. The Socialist Labor Party maintains that both methods, and not one alone, are needed. Accordingly, pursuant to the first method, which may be termed "boring from without," the Party set up the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and pursuant to the second method, it stirred every workingman, whose trade conditions compelled him to be in a pure and simple union, to "bore from within." Others, however, rejected the "boring from without" and adopted the "boring from within" only. Obviously, the posture of these rendered the flank movement policy imperative upon them. Are they following it? No! Their course is half flank and half front movement, and thereby defeats both.

What is the—again we have only the honest element in mind—first objection raised by a pure and simpler to a motion that his union endorse a party of Socialism? It is this: "No politics in Unions! We endorse neither Republicans nor Democrats, why should we endorse Socialists?" The "borders from without," THEY may stave in by a front move the head of the superstition that underlies this objection, THEY may move the endorsement of a party of Socialism; not so, however, the "borders from within." Their strategy is that of flank-movements: for them to demand the endorsement of a party of Socialism is to disable themselves from carrying out their flank movement—whereby much good work could be done.

The idea underlying bona fide "boring from within" is that it does not "arouse hostility," it gives honest ignorance no handle against the "borer." To assail the honest pure and simpler's ears with a motion to endorse a party of Socialism not only arouses his of ignorance born hostility, but it furnishes him with a gratuitous handle that he can brain the "borer" with. That handle is the argument in bar that politics are excluded from the Union. An instance in point is furnished by this month's convention of

the Colorado State Federation of Labor.

The "borer from within" is himself responsible for his own discomfiture. Resolutions galore are introduced into Unions—on low tariff, on high tariff, on free silver, on the gold standard, on trusts, on anti-trusts, etc., etc. Not a simpler rises to bar them with the anti-politics clause. He cannot. Why does not the "borer from within" take a lesson from that? He surely ought to perceive the cloven hoof of the Republican or the Democratic, in short, of the capitalist party, beneath the folds of such resolutions. Why does he not offer substitute resolutions from the standpoint of workingclass interests? Why does he not knock down these resolutions with the masterly arguments that Socialism furnishes? If he did, weaponless would be the hand of the honest pure and simpler: the weapon of "no politics in Unions" could not then avail. All that the "borer" would have to contend with would be the simpler's economic ignorance, and there the latter's unconscious interests will silently plead in his ears on the "borer's" side. Whatever virtues may lie in "boring from within" would then be verified, and the day would be drawn nearer when the "borer from without" and he "from within" could coalesce into a mighty force and jointly knock the fakir down and out by a combined front attack.

As things are going on, bona fide "boring from within" is strangling itself. Pity!

## WHY NOT UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

The poor capitalists are very much abused. They are a patient, long-suffering folk, very considerate of their employees, listening, all ears, to their complaints, and resenting any hasty action on their part that would suddenly stop the wheels of industry.

A dispatch from Chicago, relating how the Iroquois Furnace Co., threw 1,200 men out of work without notice, is the latest shining example of capitalist distinguished and kind consideration.

Could anything be more productive of happiness to the wage-worker than an abruptly happily unanticipated enforced holiday? Leisure is a necessity for the rounded development of the individual. That these 1,200 workmen resented the leisure given them by throwing bricks into the office of the Iroquois Furnace Co., only shows that they do not appreciate this fact.

Let Mr. Carroll D. Wright not miss the incident. It may serve to point a moral and adorn a tale to some of the sapient speeches he is delivering on the Social Question.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. But the winds of winter blow nothing good to capitalist falsehood. Their chilling blasts have again forced to the surface the poverty and want of the working classes, which capitalist aplogists and statisticians would fain hide under a mass of fraudulent theories and statistics. With the greatest demands on record for charitable relief caused by these winds, what becomes of the theory of "the greater diffusion of wealth among the population, especially the wage-earners." With workers so poorly clad that they drop in the street from exposure, what remains of the figures showing "that owing to increased working time, due to prosperity, wages exceed the cost of living by about 38 per cent"? The capitalist class should act in its customary manner, and move to enjoin the winter winds as subversive of property and law. In so far, however, as the winds make known the real conditions of the proletariat; in so far may they be said to blow them some good. Through their effects, those members of the working class, who are befuddled and indifferent, will be aroused to a sense of truth and duty; so much so that, in the end, it may be truly said that it is indeed an ill-wind that blows nobody good.

Pittsburg despatches state that the Steel trust's new profit-sharing offer to employees is not enthusiastically received. Two causes are given for this—financial inability, and disappointment over the severity of the wage cuts. These despatches are not in accord with those forwarded from Pittsburg previous to the wage cuts. Then the men were represented as receiving high wages, amounting to thousands yearly, and as possessing large bank accounts. That these same men should now be suffering from "financial inability" goes to show that now as ever, liars must have long memories, in order to make their yarns agree.

Matters are shaping themselves for a Democratic split, with Bryan and Hearst as the bolters. What will become of the vote of the "Socialist" party, with these two pre-eminent gentlemen on an independent "progressive" ticket with an anti-trust and "government ownership of public utilities" platform? It will be gathered unto this pair of middle-class champions just as metallic filings are gathered unto the magnet.

The St. Louis shoemakers who attacked Tobin at Cincinnati, are doing good work. They are following the lead of The People in exposing that arch labor fakir and leech. As good as this work is, in itself, it is not sufficient. The shoemakers must abandon pure and simple principles of organization for those of the S. L. P. and S. T. & L. A. As long as they do not do that, collusion between employers and "labor leaders" is bound to be the logical result of the "mutual interests of capital and labor" theory upon which pure and simpledom is based. There can be no compromise without corruption, no matter whom the men may be that head the organization so built.

From Kansas comes the old cry that the boys and girls are deserting the farms for the city. Old as the cry is, it is nevertheless shocking. In the innocence of our unsophisticated hearts we believed all the mouthpieces of capitalism told us about farming. We saw, in our mind's eye, by their aid, vast vistas of automatic machinery, which rendered labor a sinecure, and produced wealth in a superlative degree, so that the haunting mortgage found it best to vamoose the premises. And as we read of the free rural deliveries, and the advent of the trolley, the carpets, pianos, college educations, and all the other fine things that make the rural surpass urban environments, our chest swelled with gladness and our hearts rejoiced to think that at least one section of "our" country revelled in the delights of living. And now to think that the boys and girls of Kansas are deserting the scenes of such idyllic life! To think that they prefer the pleasures of life afforded by the dirt and noise and ugliness of the slum-stricken, overworked and overcrowded cities instead! Oh, that the romancers of capitalism, like the romancers of old, would base their stories on fact, instead of weaving them from material spun in imagination's textile factory. But then, that's what they are there for.

According to a dispatch from Indianapolis, Ind., negotiations for an amalgamation of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen and the International Association of Car Workers have come to an end. The carmen refused to agree to admit negroes into the consolidated organization.

This action is wrong. A negro, when a worker, is subjected to the same exploitation as a white man. Consequently, his admission to a labor organization is an economic matter, and not one of color. This action is not only wrong; it is right in line with the principles of pure and simple unionism. These principles, when not progressively capitalistic, are out-and-out reactionary. Such unionism is a disgrace to labor.

The glass workers in all the plants at Elwood Gas City, Dunkirk, Marion and Hartford City, Indiana, are reported out on strike. Every factory in the State is expected to close by the last of the week.

Old association men, it is alleged, have been working on the agreement of standing a 25 per cent. reduction until the manufacturers can report on the part wage scale. Now the men, it is claimed, refuse to stand for a reduction.

Strikes are of unusual occurrence in the glass-blowing industry. Until a season or two ago the glass blowers were heralded far and wide as exceptionally well paid laborers. Then a change in wages came, due to the introduction of automatic machinery. This, by depriving the glass blower of his heretofore unmatched skill, has reduced him to the necessity of maintaining his wages by strikes, the same as unskilled labor in general. The glass blowers present condition should not be lost on those who believe skill invincible.

Many persons are deceived by the poor showing made by new incorporations at Trenton,—the mother of trusts—into believing that incorporation is on the decline. The fact of the matter is that owing to more liberal incorporation laws, the seat of incorporation has been transferred from Trenton to Albany, so that the mother and the father of the trusts—the leading financial interests of the country—are now domiciled in one State. This is brought out in the fact that the total of new incorporations in New York State was nearly one hundred per cent. more than the previous fiscal year. The organization tax (or fee) yielded a revenue of \$360,999.92 last year, while the aggregate income of the State from corporation taxes of all kinds was \$6,808,000, or a jump from only \$2,624,508 in 1900. This is made all the more striking when compared with the shrinkage in New Jersey's incorporation fees from \$593,286 in 1902 to \$348,396 in 1903. Thus, New York State actually leads New Jersey by about \$13,000 in incorporation fees.

According to dispatches from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., the strike on the Red Ash Co., which started last July, was ended yesterday morning, when the strikers returned to work. The company granted all their demands except that asking for the discharge of Superintendent Jones.

The strike was without the orders of the union officials, and when they directed the men to return to work, they refused. Consequently the grievances, of which the miners had several, could not be presented to the Conciliation Board, that body having decided to adjust no grievances when the workers concerned were on strike.

## TWO CANDLES, TO SEE EACH OTHER BY.

Here they are:

MAILLY IN 1902.

The remarks of Comrade Boomer in "The Socialist" of February 10, relative to the members of the National Committee, are, to say the least, in rather bad taste. As a member of the Committee . . . he was not sent to report . . . that "Carey gave the impression of a politician and a devotee of diplomacy, rather than a defender of stern principles."

—Letter of William Mailly, Boston, Mass., Feb. 22, 1902, to Howard H. Caldwell, in "The Worker" of March 9, 1902.

Several are the facts illumined by the cross-light shed from these two candles.

In the first place, there stands out clear the doublefacedness of the individual, and, inferentially, of the organization that could smell out and can put up with such an officer. It goes without saying that the principles enunciated by Mr. Mailly in this year of grace 1904 do not denote a change of heart or soul—a clean spirit in exchange of the unclean one he proved to have two years before. On the contrary, by the light of surrounding facts, the evidence is that the unclean spirit has developed into deeper turpitude. The separate features of the two candles is that, tho' seemingly contradictory, they are crows of one nest—the foul nest of the private Volkszeitung Corporation interests. In 1902—not yet the national secretary of the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party, but a fellowships of a Reverend speculator in rich wives and the hired man of the Volkszeitung Corporation, serving at the time a post-graduate term under the Corporation's nasty pet James F. Carey of armory-building and other unsavory reputation—Mr. Mailly was not slow in perceiving that Boomer's graphic characterization of Carey could only hurt his (Mailly's) paymasters. Accordingly he quickly jumped upon Boomer—jumped upon a national committeeman of his party who was reporting to his Washington state constituency, and conveying to them valuable information, that they could not themselves have gathered. In 1902, Mr. Mailly approved of "intrigue and backstairs politics" such as Boomer's report denoted Carey to be a devotee of, and the view that "only those who have something to hide need object to nothing being hidden" was then, as now, of force with him, but then, differently from now, Mr. Mailly had something to hide—the politician quality and, therefore, unfitness of the nasty Carey. Like master, like man.

But the two candles also throw a joint light upon another, perhaps more important fact—the actual boss-ridden-ship of the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party. The candle or clause of 1904 appears in a letter from Mr. Mailly as national secretary, it is published in the English poodle of that same Volkszeitung Corporation, "The Worker," and it affects to be an answer to a letter written to him by Howard H. Caldwell, a national committeeman, he it noted, of the said party. Mr. Mailly's trick is, whenever he wishes to injure a national committeeman of his party, to lie in wait for a letter from him; thereupon he twists his correspondent's words out of shape, writes him a long denunciatory and self-laudatory letter in "answer," and publishes both—his correspondent's as a mere pretext for his own—in whatever privately owned paper of his party will take the lampoon. Of course the English poodle of the Volkszeitung Corporation always does. So it was in this Caldwell case, as the latest instance. The passage quoted under the candle of 1904 is a sample of Mr. Mailly's trick. Not Aristides, the antique type of honor, nor Leonidas, the antique type of Spartan manliness, rolled into one, could make a Mailly—as he depicts himself in such letters; Adelina Patti in her balmy days was never bestrewn with as many bouquets as Mr. Mailly bestrewn himself with in such letters, and which, by pointed implication, make his addressee out the exact reverse of all the virtues that he lays unto himself. One day it is Massey of Dakota, another it is Caldwell of Ohio, and so on—the national secretary of Mr. Mailly's "unbossed" party treats the national committeemen of his party like so many dirty-nosed school boys!—If the national secretary of the Socialist Labor Party dared to so demean himself, he would be ousted in exactly the time that it would take to make the motion for his removal, and to count the virtually, if, by accident, not actually unanimous vote.

Thus the two candles contribute their light to illumine the fact—look out for the crew who yell about "bossism in the S. L. P.!" What stings them is the sturdy and sane democracy of the S. L. P.; there they have no chance to play their gongor tricks; and when they elsewhere get a chance, then "bossism," "leadership," "popism," "pashanism," full soon spring up in their most revolting forms.

Witness William Mailly, the Spanker General of national committeemen obnoxious to the Volkszeitung Corporation.

MAILLY IN 1904.

Publicity in all party affairs is the safety valve that will prevent the party boiler from becoming congested by intrigue and backstairs politics. Only those who have something to hide need object to nothing being hidden.

—Letter of William Mailly, Omaha, Neb., Jan. 4, 1904, to Howard H. Caldwell, in "The Worker" of Jan. 17, 1904.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—Those ridiculous "anti-trust," "anti-octopus" shouters!

UNCLE SAM.—They are ridiculous. B. J.—Why, think of the increased, productive powers of a trust; it is just like an improved machine. Who would go back to the hand loom or the stage coach? No one! (With increased enthusiasm.) An improved machine produces so much more wealth; so does the trust. The idiots who would "smash the trust!" they are no better than the idiots who wanted to smash the machine!

U. S.—You got that straight, none but idiots, or schemers who try to dupe the idiots, shout "Smash the Trust!"

B. J.—And think of the un-Americanism—

U. S.—The what?

B. J.—The un-Americanism of such an idea as the anti-trust notion!

U. S.—"Un-Americanism!"

B. J. (testily)—Yes; un-Americanism; did you understand that?

U. S.—Inasmuch as to which?

B. J.—Inasmuch as it is wholly an un-American attitude.

U. S.—That is very much like saying a thing is yellow inasmuch as yellow it is. Why is it "un-American" to want to smash the trust?

B. J.—Why? Just think of such a question! Don't you see it is "un-American!" Why, of course, you do.

U. S.—I don't see it.

B. J.—The devil you don't? Wherman, trust-smashing simply flies in the face of the founders of this country.

U. S.—Now at least you have a reason; it may be a bad one, but a reason it is. Let's see. The founders of this country were the typical Americans, and their ways were typical "American."

B. J.—That's it.

U. S.—I say so, too.

B. J. (smiling)—You do?

U. S.—Certainly. But preserve your smiles. Now, then, tell me, did the founders of our country work with little capital or with big capital.

B. J. (beginning to look sober).—Hem! They worked with little capital.

U. S.—Each for himself?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—And did they produce large quantities of wealth?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Such a thing as a single concern operating thousands of men did not exist?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Or a big farm covering thousands of acres, all under cultivation?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—Consequently, the improved machinery of production implied in the trust was not known to them?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—And they worked with very small machinery—

B. J.—The devil take you! I see what you are driving at now.

U. S.—Cool, cool; no profanity. And can you escape the conclusion that it is the trust-smashers who are truly "American," while the trust upholders are the "un-American" ones?

B. J.—No, I can't. Then you, too, are a trust-smasher?

U. S.—Not much. The trust is an improved means of production; as such it is capable of being a blessing. The trouble with that improved means of production is that it is held by private holders and therefore it becomes a curse to the people. Those who want to smash it are truly "American" insofar as "Americanism" means the ways of our ancestors. If there is any honor in being over a hundred years behind the times, that honor surely belongs to the trust-smashers. But the intelligent man is not an oyster. He does not glory in immobility; on the contrary, his pride is the capacity to move onward. "Americanism" is the sense of the ways of our founders is a thing of the past. The trust, insofar as it is a means of improved production is good; we want that; and the same intelligence that shows us its excellencies shows us also its defects; we shall preserve its excellency by upholding it; we shall remove its defects by nationalizing it.

B. J. (swaying backward and forward and moaning)—Oh, my "Americanism," my "Americanism!"

U. S.—Is no good, eh?

B. J.—Seems not!

U. S.—Cheer up, old fellow. The true lover of the word "American" is not he that would keep us in our national childhood; nor he who would allow himself to be humbugged by the word, as you were doing; but he who, revering the past for all that it deserves, is ready to use that past as a stepping stone for higher reaches.

## CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, REMIND THEM OF THEIR SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NO OTHERS WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

## THE WHIPPING POST AS A PROMOTER OF CONJUGIAL BLISS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Edward Gaffney, of Brooklyn, is a wife-beater. Henry Dorr, also of Brooklyn, is a wife-beater, too. Edward Gaffney is an uneducated, drunken ruffian, familiar with the inside of jails, where he has spent a good deal of his worse than useless life. Dorr, on the other hand, is a man of education and a clergyman.

So says the all-wise editorial writer of the Yellow Journal. Then the all-wise editorial writer proceeds to make the following suggestion: "These two cases enforce the need for the whipping post as the legal penalty for wife-beating. Had Gaffney, when first he maltreated his wife, been tried up and given a couple of dozen on the bare back with the cat-o-nine-tails it is not at all probable that the brute, with the memory of those stripes to restrain him, would ever again have found the courage to repeat his performance. And if Dorr had had the whipping post as a certainty before him, it is likely that he would have dared to lay hands on his young wife, the mother of his child!"

"The American" commends the whipping post to the consideration of the New York Legislature. That suggestion is well timed and apposite. It is calculated just to remedy the evils under review. It shows what a remarkable grasp of the subject of domestic life and conditions the author of the suggestion has.

I look forward with pleasure to the auspicious day when the Yellow Journal's suggested whipping post shall be a realized fact.

What good husbands it will make for us women! What happy homes then we shall have!

Dear me! It is indeed well that this suggestion came so soon.

It is clear that there is nothing wrong with the social system, which produces "uneducated, drunken ruffians" by forcing children out to work before they have a chance of education and by creating social environments which suppress the better and nobler human instincts, and develops the hard, the selfish and brutal qualities in a person.

It is equally clear that the marriage system which forcibly binds together a man and woman who no longer love each other, and who have become thoroughly wretched in each other's company, is the best system which could be devised to make happy husbands and wives, and happy homes for the children.

The divorce system, the natural and logical outcome of our inimitable marriage system, is the acme and ideal of efficiency and justice.

A wretched couple are doomed to fret and chafe in the matrimonial chains until one side or other determines on the heroic expedient of the police or divorce court (if they possess money enough to pay for the luxury of "justice" and the privilege of publicly disgracing the wife or husband they once loved).

As these discriminating legal institutions demand "proof" of "cruelty" or "adultery," etc., before they grant the "relief" sought for, the complaining side must come prepared to completely blast the character and good name of the defendant.

Open and unmistakable cruelty does certainly exist in some cases, but petty, trifling and sometimes isolated "slaps," etc., perhaps the work of a luckless and unguarded moment, after prolonged and systematic aggravation from the other side, are often relied upon to prove "habitual cruelty."

The same with the charges of adultery. There are bona fide cases, but the object of a divorce suit being to obtain divorces, "evidence" of adultery is produced, even if it has to be connived at, or arrived at by manufacturing a chain of circumstantial evidence.

Go ahead, Yellow Journal, with your whipping post. With a complete installation of whipping posts, and a copious provision of jails, police and military, we shall one day be civilized and happy. I know people who would say that it is just like Capitalism to attempt to get away from the consequences of its own acts by inflicting cat-o-nine-tails stripes and imprisonment on its victims; but the Yellow Journal could teach these people something.

(Mrs.) Mary Holmes.  
Guttenberg, N. J., Jan. 17.

## "BREAD AND CIRCUSES" IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Another year has rolled around. Lo and behold! What do we see? The City Hall tower and facades aglow with lights, from "Billy" Penn down to the Chamber of the City Fathers who stand on guard over the destiny of the "City."

In keeping with the precedent set, at the New Year celebration, 1901, to usher in the twentieth century, each New Year's brings a pompous display, with increased energy applied. Heretofore the effort was confined to throwing the lime-light on "Willie" Penn, the most exalted man in Philadelphia.

This New Year's performance outstripped all its predecessors. The Mayor and cabinet stepped in and took a hand by holding open house at the City Hall, to the public, with a band of music in attendance to disperse sweet tones to the audience, made up of the pau-

pered, meek and impoverished. This afforded ample opportunity to observe the contradiction between the fleecers and the fleeced. Of course, the beautiful strains sent forth by the band overcome the distress of empty stomachs and insufficient clothing to keep warm in cold winter's blasts; but this discrepancy did not mar the pleasure and amusement of the "Honored Guests."

As the midnight hour approached, the Mayor set the soiree in motion by the new departure of addressing the assembly on the object and purpose of the City Administration for the ensuing year to wit: To make Philadelphia the model city in health, comfort, virtue and integrity.

Could anything be more sublime than the achievement of that object? Mr. Mayor evidently did not take into account the plain fact that with an increasingly large army of unemployed, speculating as to where they get the next meal and lodging, together with a larger number who can get no more than hand to mouth existence, renders his mission somewhat difficult of accomplishment. Perhaps Mr. Mayor is somewhat imbued with the sentiment of Mr. Capitalist, thus does not consider persons with empty wallets, of consequence, except when election day arrives. Then all comers are eligible to a handshake and fond embrace. Since it is close to February election, perhaps the cause and effect can be presumed.

The next then, came the District Attorney, who straightway declared that this is to be the model year in the department of justice, calculated to serve as an example for the country to emulate. Said he: "No effort will be spared to apprehend and convict the guilty, also to release the innocent. Without fear or favor the law will be enforced." This surely ought to bring to Philadelphia the highest development of peace and tranquility that capitalist psychology can map out, and maintain for this city its envious reputation of "Brotherly Love."

Since we have wage reductions pre-eminently, on one hand, with a rise in the price of coal every time a storm cloud appears, and in all other prime necessities, following in close order, on the other hand, the outlook for the working class is very "encouraging." The District Attorney's idea should carry with it the rehabilitation of the grand municipal distinction Philadelphia enjoys.

In the trend of capitalist freebootery the exigency arises to thwart the popular discontent, which it brings on, and must not be tolerated to grow larger. While the ready wit and strategy of boodle is constantly agile to apply their bamboozle and brute force with ever increasing intensity, yet they do not want to be disturbed in their comfort and luxury to suppress any efforts that might be put forth to disallow the fleecing process carried on by them.

We have only to look to Victor, Col., to determine what means will be resorted to with the purpose to subjugate the working class and keep labor in that condition. As yet, the Western capitalist contingent has not taken to elaborate New Year celebrations, thus they are not so far advanced in the art of hoodwinkery as Philadelphia "Brotherly Love," which has only to make a flamboyant display at the City Hall, supplemented by a few words of claptrap, once a year and all is serene.

It is somewhat paradoxical that in this great educational centre we are steeped in stupidity deeper than the wild West, where universities are few and far between. The fact remains, however, that Philadelphia can boast the most suppliant populace in the country. So well impressed are they with their environment that they turn out en masse to bow tribute to the hand that smites them.

No martial law or banishment is required here.

The Colorado fleecers of labor have only to seek out Philadelphia where "Brotherly Love" is free and openly dispensed, to learn how to handle their fleeced with easy facility. Here we submit to paying eight cents for a five cent street car ride and our "good Samaritans" make desperate efforts, to the extent of stuffing ballot boxes to land in the City Council that pays not one cent salary. Mr. Capitalist has built up such grand political and economic conditions that we are all absorbed in his displays and celebrations. What wonder that the Socialist Labor Party has a hard struggle in Philadelphia, Pa.

Fraternally,  
H. Newman.

Phila., Pa., Jan. 20.

## WAGES IN THE COTTON AND WOOLLEN MILLS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—According to the sixteenth annual report of the Bureau of Industrial and Labor Statistics for the State of Maine, 1902, the average weekly wage in the cotton mills was as follows: Men, \$7.81; women, \$6.85; children, \$3.07; and in the woolen mills: Men, \$9.24; women, \$6.83; children, \$3.01. The values of the product for the cotton factories were \$12,183,041, and the woolen industries, \$5,050,477.

Woolen and cotton mill operators, can you solve the above problem—why you should receive only a small per cent. of the wealth which you, and you alone, produce? The answer is that machinery of production is owned and operated privately for the benefit of the idle capitalist class, to the detriment and suffer-

ing of the proletarian class, who produce all the wealth by the sweat of their brow.

Cotton and woolen operators, profit by the above. Cast your fortunes with the glorious S. L. P. Overthrow the present capitalist system of wage slavery. Establish the Socialist Republic, a republic in which every man has a right to life, liberty and happiness.

Albert L. Waterman.  
Dorchester, Mass., Jan. 18.

## SUMMARY OF PIERSON'S WORK IN TEXAS.

The The Daily and Weekly People:—Below will be found a summary of the work done by Comrade Charles Pierson in this State and account of fund gathered by this committee for that special purpose. Some may think that a good deal of money was spent to attain these results, but we are pleased with them, in view of the fact that through Pierson's tour we were able to reach territory hitherto inaccessible. The seed of revolutionary Socialism is sown by spreading our press, and, though some of it may perish, enough will find a fertile soil and bear fruit in due time:

Cities visited: Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, El Paso.

Meetings held, 12; books sold, 181, and numerous leaflets distributed.

Subscriptions taken: For The Weekly People, yearlies, 25; half-yearlies, 150; for the Monthly People, 9; Socialistische Arbeiter Zeitung, 13.

Time consumed, five weeks and two days.

Special Pierson Agitation Fund account:

| Receipts.  |        |
|--|--------|
| Carl Schmidt, member-at-large,                                       |        |
| Lohn, Tex.,  | \$5.50 |
| Marlin Braden, member-at-large,                                      |        |
| LaCoste, Tex.,   | 6.50   |
| A. S. Dowler, member-at-large,                                       |        |
| Finlay, Tex.,  | 7.50   |
| G. H. Royal, member-at-large,  |        |
| Lampasas, Tex.,  | 2.00   |
| Aug. Bosshauer, member-at-large,                                     |        |
| Deweyville, Tex.,  | 4.15   |
| Section Houston, S. L. P.,   | 25.00  |
| Section San Antonio (members, sympathizers and S. T. & L. A. locals) | 41.20  |

Total .....\$91.91

Expenditures.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| One 1,000-mile ticket and railroad fare from Springfield to Cherryvale, Mo.; Fort Worth to Dallas; McGregor to Waco and return; Houston to San Antonio. | \$37.35 |
| Pierson's wages, 5 weeks and 2 days   | 53.24   |
| Leaflets from N. Y. Labor News Company  | 1.05    |
| Cost of post and express money orders   | .27     |

Total .....\$91.91

Account balanced—Pierson's railroad fare from San Antonio to Finlay was paid by the California State Executive Committee, as per agreement.

Frank Leitner,  
Sec'y Texas State Exec. Com., S. L. P.  
San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 15.

## THE S. T. &amp; L. A. IN MAINE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—At the beginning of the New Year Local Alliance 392, S. T. & L. A., decided to make propaganda of the occasion of installation of its newly-elected officers, and an open meeting was held on Jan. 2, at which the officers of the Local were publicly installed. The meeting was largely attended, and did much to strengthen the position of L. A. 392 and the Movement generally in this vicinity. Following the meeting a reception and dance was held, at which the comrades and their friends thoroughly enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

C. L. Whaley and A. E. Handy were elected president and secretary respectively for the ensuing term, and the following comrades were elected delegates to District Alliance 23: D. E. Couray, C. L. Whaley and J. A. Wyman. Every thing points to the building up of a good, strong Alliance movement in the textile districts of Maine in the near future. The Weekly People is a hummer. I would not be without it. I look anxiously for its arrival every week. Yours,

C. L. Whaley,  
President L. A. 392.

North Vassalboro, Me., Jan. 17, 1904.

## MORE "UNITY" IN NEW JERSEY.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—There was some more "unity" in the Kangaroo camp here last Sunday. It seems that one of the "genossen" had after the news reached here of the Kishineff massacre, expressed his opinion of the affair publicly, to this effect, "dot vos recht, turn up ter tanned Jews; dey ought all pe purmed up."

Now if the genosse had been discreet he would have kept it among the "goy" genossen, instead of speaking in a public saloon, in such a case he would have simply voiced the general opinion of the other "alte genossen." As it was, however, something must be dit, the Hebraic element has votes—these the "bardy" cannot afford to lose. So charges were brought against the "genosse." He refused to recant and defied them to do their worst.

They did—somebody (I think it was Don Carlos de Plumhoff) moved to expel the recalcitrant "genosse." This was carried by a small majority, if at all, at any rate, it was so declared. Then somebody got up and moved to reconsider. This was seconded by a kang, who wanted the "genosse" to have another chance.

Somebody else protested against a motion to reconsider by a "genosse" who

had voted against the motion. After some discussion, such as "socialisten (?) must have on every question, it was decided that parliamentary usage does not cut any ice among "genossen" so the motion to reconsider was declared in "ordnung" and carried.

The question was then put to the "genosse":

One dime—"Did you dose words daken pack? Say yah!" Here the inquisited said "nein!"

Two dimes—"Did you dose words daken pack? Say yah!"

Still the inquisited persisted in saying "nein."

The questions and answers were continued, and might have been continued indefinitely, had not the endurance of the inquisited given out after the question had been repeated for the fifth time.

When, therefore, he grunted something that did not sound as distinctly as had his "Nein," there was a loud shout of approval among the "genossen." The offending "genosse" was rehabilitated, beer flowed freely again. Another good customer for the club bar had been saved as a brand from the burning to do good work in the destruction of brewery products, and the Hebrew kangaroo contingent was placated—no votes lost, no blood spilled—der Socialistische bardy was safe.

Ubiquitous.  
Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 14.

## PATERSON AND THE PARTY PRESS.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed find money order for twenty dollars, for which make out one loan certificate to the comrade named in the enclosed application. Kindly send it to me and I will deliver it. This makes a total of ten certificates for section Paterson.

I was unable to get a buyer for the above certificate, and did not want to send it back, so the members got together and decided to hold a sale for it, and had tickets printed for the same, which we sold to the members and sympathizers. The sale was held last Tuesday, Jan. 12, and the certificate became the property of Comrade Gilmore, who is our organizer.

Considering things at this end we have done the best we could. We will now devote our efforts to the Homestretch Fund, hoping in the near future to see our party press free and clear from debt, so that we will be able to enter into the coming campaign with more vigor than the party has ever known before.

Fraternally, M. D.  
Paterson, N. J., Jan. 14.

## DANIEL M'KEOUGH.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed find \$1.25 for the Homestretch Fund, from Comrade Daniel M'Keough, of Section Gardner, Mass. This donation he sent me by his son, while he himself was on his deathbed. He said he wished to be numbered with those who were to wipe out the debt on his favorite paper, The People. It is the last donation that will ever be received from him, for he has gone to his final home, from whence no traveler returns. He died January 3, of pneumonia, contracted while in the service of capitalism, aged 60 years.

Comrade M'Keough was a staunch S. L. P. adherent, always talking and arguing for its principles, and as he was bringing up a large family, he was destined to remain a typical proletarian to the end.

In M'Keough's death Section Gardner has sustained the irreparable loss of an adviser and a faithful comrade.

Section Gardner extends to his bereaved family its sincere condolence for their loss of a kind father and loving husband. The Commonwealth loses a man who was recognized as such for his truthfulness and his fearlessness of scorn of censure when borne for any principle of light or advancement. Men of his kind are born to the cause, and death alone could blot out his interest for the advancement of the propaganda for the freedom of the human family from wage slavery.

Comrade M'Keough's motto was, "The greater the obstacles to overcome, the more appreciable and enjoyable the ultimate results must be when attained." He was extremely belligerent, and claimed that a cause which will not produce friction is no use to any one, and not worth the seeking.

We, of Section Gardner, can ill afford to lose him from our small numbers, but we consider he has earned his rest, for his life was not spent in vain, and his name will be referred to for truthfulness and honesty long after more prominent names are forgotten. This is his legacy to his family, and it is more precious than gold.

Section Gardner,  
Per J. Anderson, Organizer.  
Gardner, Mass., Jan. 14.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

For the week ending Saturday, January 23d, three hundred and two subscriptions to The Weekly People were secured. This is an improvement over the past few weeks. Let the improvement continue. Send to this office at least five hundred subscriptions a week. Nothing short of that will do, especially during the coming campaign. We know that a majority of the comrades never think to ask their acquaintances to become subscribers. Or perhaps they do not realize how important it is to do so.

The Weekly People must have a large circulation in order to attain its mission. It will not be possible to have a big circulation except when all our readers try to secure new readers: It should not only be considered a duty but a pleasure as well, for every reader to help in spreading the light among the members of his class by inducing them to subscribe. If we send you a bundle of sample copies distribute them and afterwards ask those who have been handed sample copies to subscribe.

Charles Chester, of Newport News, Va., in sending in ten subscriptions, writes: "We will consider the year lost if we do not double the circulation here." Let this be the motto of every section in the country.

Another comrade, John M. Francis, of Duquoin, Ill., secured six new readers and writes: "It is hard to have no help, but I just go right after them and tell them there is no paper like ours; it is like corresponding with all working men all over the country and finding out what is being done. Duquoin is a small place, but will be up and doing as often as the capitalist fails to buy my labor power and some times even then."

Charles Pierson had another clash with the watch-dogs of capitalism. In Fresno, Cal., he was arrested while speaking on the street corner, but the jury which tried him found him not guilty and he was discharged. He sends in 31 subscriptions, and we hope such incidents will only stimulate him in his work. In Fresno he organized a section with 13 members.

Another comrade, R. Goodwin, of Los Angeles, is canvassing for The Weekly People. He sends in a list of twenty subscribers. Keep it up.

John Easton, a recent addition to our little band of hustlers, turns up with twenty-two half-yearly subscriptions. It didn't take him long to get to work.

Comrade Christoff, of Patton, Pa., buys eight prepaid postal cards; Comrade Moonelis, of New York, ten prepaid blanks, and Section Buffalo ten postcards.

Five or more subscriptions were secured as follows: Fred Brown, Cleveland, O., ten; H. Gunn, Schenectady, N. Y., nine; John Neumann, St. Louis, Mo., seven; J. H. Wilton, West New Brighton, N. Y., five; E. Singervald, So. Norwalk, Conn., five; S. R. Rager, Braddock, Pa., five Monthlies.

The following suggestions are made in order to facilitate the handling of correspondence.

DONT—Address letters intended for The People or Labor News Co. to any individual or employee connected with the institution.

DONT—Make checks or money orders intended for The Daily People or Labor News Co. payable to individuals or employees.

DONT—Mix up in one and the same letter, business pertaining to the National Executive Committee, editorial and business office of The People, the Labor News Co. and sundry other things.

Reason—We have no army of clerks to make extracts and distribute among the various offices; time is money and life is short. Each office wants its correspondence on file for future reference; but if you persist to cram all in one letter, only one can have the original.

Remedy—Write at least on separate sheets of paper and head each sheet; these can then be distributed and be done with. Don't forget this.

## LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

During the last week the 34th Assembly District of New York City presented one of its Daily People certificates and received in return \$20 worth of the pamphlets and leaflets of the Labor News Company. That amount of literature the comrades in that hustling district intend to dispose of as soon as possible, and cash in another certificate. This manner of cashing certificate has a many-sided advantage. The original loan helped the party press, the pamphlets will aid the distribution of party literature, and the proceeds will soon be available for the use of the district in the coming national campaign.

"Behind the Scenes" went out in large quantities this week. Through the kindness of a Western sympathizer 3,400 were sent in bundles of 10, 20 and 30 to the secretaries of the local unions of the Western Federation of Miners throughout the West. Every comrade should have one of these pamphlets. Five cents a copy; 3 cents apiece in quantities. Sixty-four pages.

The increased demand within the past six months for the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance literature exhausted our 30,000 edition of April, and to fill orders 25,000 more were sent to press this week. We are now prepared to supply orders promptly.

It being necessary to have a special size paper for Bebel's "Women Under Socialism," a delay of about a week will result. The finished book can be confidently expected from the binder, however, the second week in February.

The orders are now coming in more rapidly and it is believed that nearly half the first edition of this great Socialist work will be sold the first month. Do you want a first edition? If you do send in orders as soon as possible.

## LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

P. V., HAMILTON, CAN.—It is hard to conceive how a Socialist could "attend a banquet given by a Mayor, who, when Alderman moved in the City Council to prohibit the S. L. P. from speaking on the streets, and to send such speakers to jail for 21 days."

A. D. C., TOLEDO, O.—Of course, in the fray, shots can not be very nicely aimed. But that should not prevent enlightened combatants from being aware of and appreciating the germs of worth that social evolution imbues in every current. No doubt the feudal lord was an execrable being. But was execrable the starting point and end of all there was in him, as feudal lord? That would be a wrong view to take; and, what's worse, the wrong view would deprive one of a perception into things that points to the moral trend of social evolution. The conflict was ethic—grounded all along on material conditions. Feudalism aimed at and cultivated the elegance of mind and manners, that only absence from toil for the material necessities of life can furnish; the bourgeois, of feudal days, on the other hand, cultivated the nobility of work. Both elements are needed, they are like two bones that must fit into each other for the proper use of the limb. At the time, however, when the feudal lord and the bourgeois faced each other, material conditions held these two bones in a dislocated state. The setting of the bones is left for Socialism: only Socialism can join elegance of mind and manners with the nobility of work; the material conditions now allow it. Thus Socialism is the bone-setter of a dislocated society. And hence also comes the utter and unredeemable vileness of capitalist mind—under capitalism, the noble germs, that feudalism and its bourgeois carried, are in the state of dissolution ever found in transition periods.

P. B., NEW YORK.—Very well, but on the subject mentioned—"Can Capital and Labor go Hand in Hand?"

J. E., OMAHA, NEB.—The roast shall be duly given the "Socialist" Strickland for his "Speakers' Union" scheme. But he must wait his turn.

T. V., OLEAN, N. Y.—Just so! The power of the capitalist parties to count out the S. L. P. must be and is reckoned with. But that will do them no good. In the first place, they may monkey with the political thermometer, they can not monkey with the political temperature. The S. L. P., through its press, other literature and speakers will take care of that. In the second place, should the S. L. P. be counted off its official standing, IT WILL BE ON THE OFFICIAL BALLOT JUST THE SAME—the S. L. P. has its teeth set, and is not going to be bulldozed. But third and last—there is not one chance in a million of the S. L. P. losing its official standing; on the contrary.

M. T. B., LYNN, MASS.—Can the tour not be put off to May? There is too much doing now.

"SOCIALIST," CHICAGO, ILL.—Not unlikely Mr. William S. Dalton is no worse, in point of knowledge and character, than the editors the "Chicago Socialist" has hitherto sported. As to this office's experience with the gentleman, he was put on the editorial staff when the paper started, but was soon found to be light timber. The arguments had to be given him for every article he wrote. Sometimes he "caught on," more often he lacked information to catch on. His articles had all to be carefully edited. When, in November of 1900, the first rearrangement was made in this office, Mr. Dalton was the one dropped, as the one that could be readily dispensed with.

T. T., NEWPORT, R. I.—The financial problem of the Daily People is being neatly solved since the N. E. C. took hold of the management. The cry "Kill the Daily People," was in all cases that reached this office, a false cry. They said "Daily People" but meant "Weekly People" and the "S. L. P." It is the S. L. P. that the looters sought to kill, and they were wise from their standpoint. The S. L. P. is immortal, and therefore its press also.

A. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—A letter addressed "Berlin, Germany," will reach August Bebel.

G. O., NEW YORK.—The S. L. P. made its experience with the breweries. That was one of the "intolerableness" of the S. L. P. It would not allow itself to be turned into a brewery annex for the consumption of their stuff, and it refused to advance the false economic tenets which the brewery bosses, then seeking to rid themselves of the wartax on beer, needed and got their dependent papers to advance. Thence the "revolution."

E. S. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Social Democratic parties of Sweden not only endorsed Millerand, but they published articles defamatory of Jules Guesdes, making him out a "pig-headed fanatic."

"UBIQUITOUS," JERSEY CITY, N. J.—That is in keeping with things at this side of the river. We know no "Alte Genosse" who is not an anti-Semite. "Dreckiche Juden" (dirty Jews) is the mildest term they have for them. But as the "Alte Genossen" know even less English than the sort of Jews that flock to them, these have to be pushed into prominence. Hence the anti-Semitism of the "Alte Genossen" becomes all the bitterer.

M. S., NEW YORK.—Similarly at all points with 8-hour laws. They look, the scheme looks so plausible, and yet they conceal as tall a bit of capitalist chicanery as its anti-child labor laws. The 8-hour scheme proceeds from the theory that, if men are employed 8, instead of

10 hours, so many more men would have work; and those at work would have it easier. The practice proves both expectations false. The 8-hour system has for its immediate result the introduction of improved machinery. The effect of that, as to the number of men employed, is that, instead of more getting work, many of those formerly at work are displaced; and, as to the conditions, one of the features of improved machinery is increased intensity of labor: 8 hours, with such improved machinery, consume more life-time than 10 without it. Recall the passage recently published in these columns from a letter in the Journal of the Int'l Typos. The writer said that since the introduction of the linotype, and despite the reduced hours, the mortality among the operators has been appalling. A Socialist in Congress and everywhere will expose the swindle. 'Tis hard work. But only hard work will be rewarded with human emancipation.

J. H., LEOMINSTER, MASS.—1. Church and State are separate in France. 2. As to why the Church opposes Socialism, why did it oppose abolitionism? Clergymen have stomachs that must be fed; rich parishioners furnish larger livings than poor ones. Hence the clergy always, at all times, has had to be dragged at the heels of progress, and has been a drag to progress at critical times.

3. If to-day two workmen work and the one is able to produce more than the other, there may seem to be a question of why the one who produces more should not have more, because what each produces is little enough. Under the Socialist Republic, production by each, being freed from the hampering influences of capitalism, would be so vast that such questions would have no importance. And if one man could even then, due to some physical incapacity, not produce enough, the modern un-Christian spirit will not affect the man who can produce an abundance. He would gladly allow the less gifted to share from his abundance.

P. S., LYNN, MASS.—This office knows no paper owned by the "Socialist," alias Social Democratic party. All the so-called Socialist papers of that party are owned by private and incorporated corporations. As to "The Worker" it is the private property of the Volkszeitung Corporation. It is what the Corporation tried to make The People its private property, and for which the Corporation got thoroughly thrashed by the S. L. P.

A. A. M., RICHMOND, VA.—E. R. Spencer of Roanoke.

C. H., NEW YORK.—The American Labor Union is not yet definable. It can not be said to be a pure and simple Union when one considers how far above pure and simpledom is the language of its organs. On

